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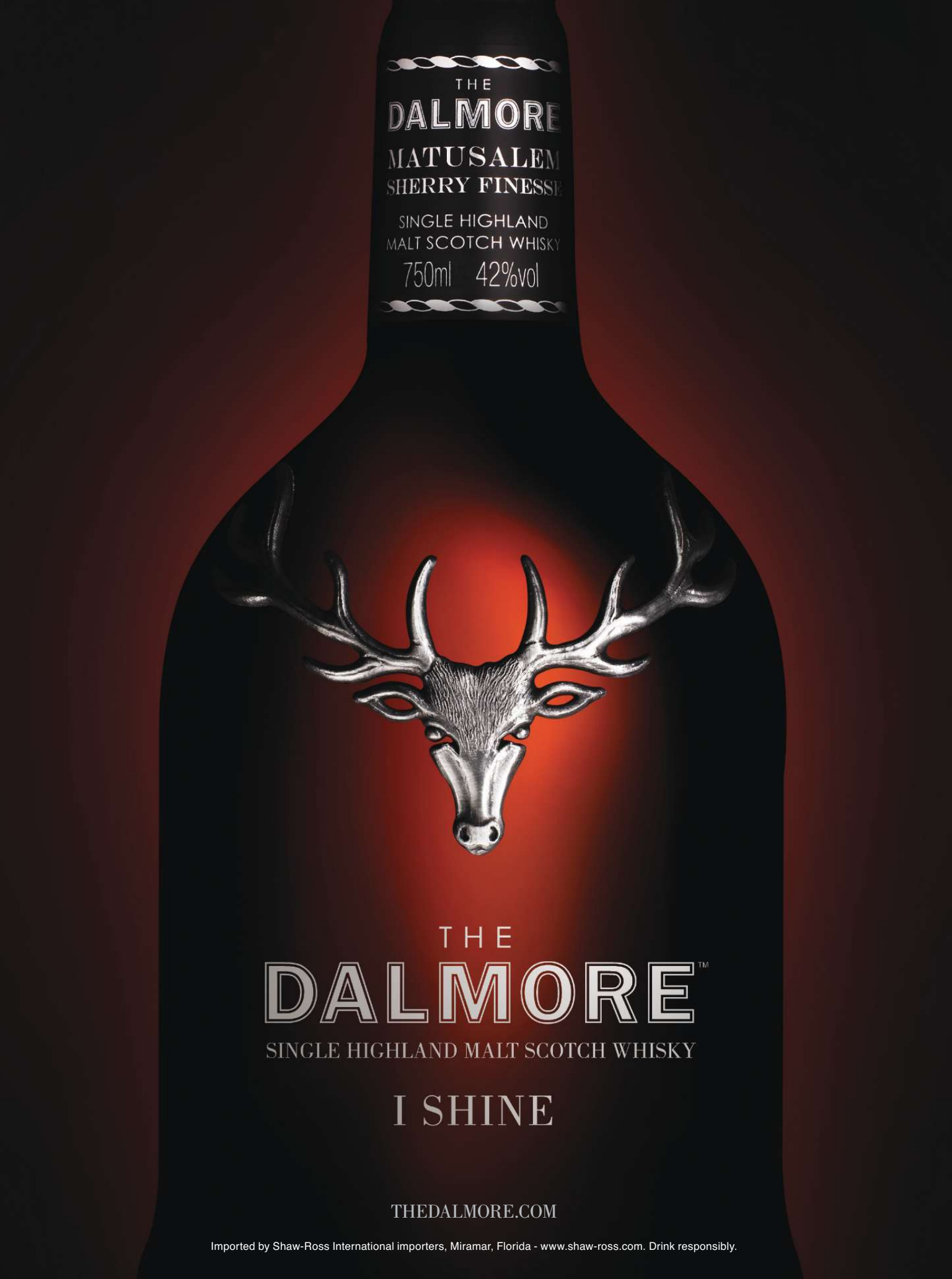
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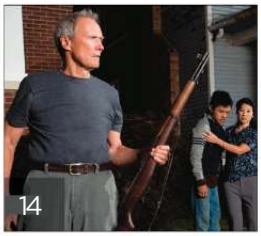
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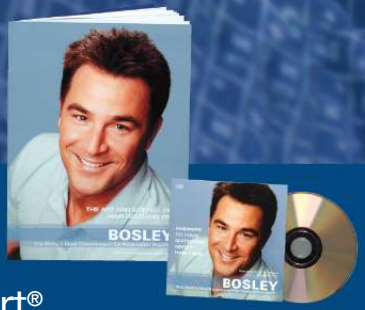

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All Fired Up

After eight straight days of fighting a wildfire, I found myself feeling kind of anxious. Part of the team consisted of hot, physically fit babes, and I still had five long days left before my two days of R&R. I didn't know if I would make it. The women's tents were pitched far from the roiling stew of testosterone that made up the men's camp, but the physical distance wasn't enough to keep one particular female firefighter off my mind. Each day my thoughts grew increasingly lust-filled. Each night was more sleepless than the last, in spite of the physical exhaustion from the day's work.

On the ninth day, I was standing in the chow line for lunch when I saw her—the platinum blonde who'd been the object of my fantasies. Her hair fell to just below her shoulders and her blue eyes shone in her dirt-smudged face. I lost track of how long I was staring at her until my buddy behind me gave me a not-so-gentle reminder to keep the line moving, in the form of a sharp elbow in my back.

Later that night, a few crewmates and I were playing cards when she walked by, fresh from the showers, in clothes that were much more flattering to her figure, although I'd already determined that she'd look good wearing a trash bag. She had on a tight white tank top that was cut dangerously low, revealing her voluptuous breasts. They jiggled invitingly with each step, and when she passed by I got to appreciate her slim waist and the stretch jeans she wore.

When she started to make her way back with a drink, I offered her a seat and a hand in the poker game. She accepted with a shy smile, and as she sat down my heart began to pound mercilessly within my chest. She didn't say much in response to the many questions my comrades were asking. After a few hands, most of my crew went off to sleep. Then Nicole said she was going to turn in. I was about to panic, thinking I'd blown my chance with her, when she gave me a sideways glance and a shy smile and said, "Walk with me?"

I began to steadily increase speed and Nicole was right with me, our hips colliding with cosmic force.

After we'd made our way to her tent, she faced me and moved her hips against mine. My sex-starved body reacted instantly, heating up as my cock stiffened. She ran her hands up my back, and I moved mine up to palm her heaving breasts. Then her hands were on the rapidly growing bulge below my belt. When Nicole said she had to share her tent and asked if we could go to mine, I practically carried her over, saying prayers of thanks that I'd invested in my own tent last year.

As soon as we were inside, we started undressing each other. When I had her down on my sleeping bag, we finally kissed, our tongues taking turns stroking in and out of each other's mouth, our hands stroking bare skin. I slowly ran my hand from her soft breasts down her flat stomach and over her smooth pussy. Her moaning and sighs made it nearly impossible to bear. I entered her slowly and kept going till I was in deep. I intended to take it slow, but my body had an agenda of its own. I began to steadily increase speed and Nicole was right with me, our hips colliding with cosmic force.

After 20 minutes of escalating pleasure with our sweat-slick bodies writhing against each other's, her moans became more frantic—until she gasped, "Oh, God, I'm coming!" It was all I could do to not lose it at that moment. "Come with me, please, baby," she pleaded.

I pulled out and came with such ferocity that she was covered with baby batter from her neck down to her hips. The release was like none I could ever remember. We spent the rest of the night fucking, and I walked her back to her tent just before dawn.

Since her engine company was unexpectedly demobilized the next morning, I never got to say good-bye, but I keep looking for her on every fire detail, hoping to spot her beautiful blonde hair.—*H.A., Oregon*

"Forum" letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send letters to ForumSubmission@ffn.com or *Penthouse* Editorial Dept., 20 Broad Street, 14th Floor, New York, N.Y. 10005.

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CHICK LIT

I have a confession. Every month when my boyfriend's *Penthouse* arrives in the mail, I'm the one to rip open the package. I love the letters, the pictorials, and the articles—which brings me to my second confession.

For my birthday, my boyfriend got me a present that I never would have guessed I would love so much! I know it sounds crazy, but he got me a dancer's pole for our bedroom. At first I was a little offended that he would get me what I thought was such a whorish gift. Who the hell did he think I was? Some stripper? And where had he been spending his spare time when he wasn't home?

He seemed genuinely shocked that I was pissed off. I'm rather shy about sex, and although I'd opened up quite a bit since we first hooked up, I was still a little self-conscious. He said he thought the pole might bring out the exhibitionist in me that he was sure lurked beneath the surface. He said he wanted me to feel sexy and confident with my body. Even after he explained his rationale for choosing the unusual gift, I continued to have some doubts. But I decided I should give it a chance before asking him what the return policy was.

At first I was a little awkward, but the more I practiced, the more self-confident and sexy I felt. I started to dress up in sexy outfits, but felt my choreography needed a little help. That's when I remembered my girlfriend Gina had earned extra cash in college by stripping. Now, Gina has told me about some of her sexual conquests, and they haven't been limited to men. She just loves sex. But when I invited her over, I never dreamed that I would become one of her conquests.

When she saw the pole she screamed and jumped up and down like she'd just found out she'd won the lottery. She put on some music and told me to show her some of my moves. I started, shyly at first, but with her encouragement my confidence grew. She offered some suggestions, and the next thing I knew we were working the pole together, twining sensuously around it and each other. Then I found myself rubbing up against the pole with Gina writhing against me from behind. I was getting hotter and hornier with each move and wished she'd put her hand between my legs so I would have something warm to ride.

When Gina raised my hands over my head and turned me to face her, we were still moving to the music. We were face to face, our breasts pleasantly mashed together, our mounds grinding against each other's, her fingers intertwined with mine. We looked at each other greedily before Gina gave me a wicked smile and slid to the floor, keeping constant contact with my undulating body. I welcomed the feel of her hands on my breasts and belly and hoped I'd get to feel her mouth on me, too. My shorts were wet with desire and my pussy throbbed for much-needed attention.

Gina quickly peeled down my shorts and thong, then slowly licked a path from my belly button straight to my sopping twat. I gripped the pole to steady myself and wantonly pushed my pussy toward her face as I begged her to eat me out. Gina looped her arms under my thighs and dove in tongue first. The pleasure was unimaginable. My boyfriend is good, but Gina has some awesome pussy-eating skills. She quickly brought me to a screaming orgasm and showed no sign of letting up. She worked her tongue around my clit, through my slit, and in and out of my pussy until I thought I'd overdose on pleasure.

Gina looped her arms under my thighs and quickly brought me to a screaming orgasm.

When I could no longer stay on my feet, I slowly slumped to the floor, totally blissed out and feeling utterly sated. Only then did Gina kiss me, letting me taste myself on her lips and tongue. I loved it—so much so that the next move I made was to push Gina onto her back and strip off her skirt and panties so I could return the favor.

Since that afternoon, the stripper pole has become my best friend. We now have a pole with a little platform in our living room and our house has become quite the entertainment venue for all our friends. But the best part is that I'm much more confident about my sexuality than I used to be. I've definitely gotten in touch with my inner exhibitionist.—*N.U., via the internet*

More letters on page 132

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DÉJÀCUZZI

John Cusack stars in the so-stupid-it's-brilliant *Hot Tub Time Machine,* an actual movie coming to an actual theater near you. Former *Daily Show* correspondent Rob Corddry, *The Office*'s Craig Robinson, and up-and-comer Clark Duke also star, with a cameo by Chevy Chase. You wouldn't want to miss all that, would you?

ILLUSTRATION BY COULAS & LOURDES

HOT TUB TIME MACHINE

John Cusack stars in a brilliantly titled new film.

John Cusack, Chevy Chase, Rob Corddry, Craig Robinson

Some ideas are just too plainly awesome to be denied. And while we understand that any text in this space is redundant after the above title (this is a movie actually coming to a theater near you), we'll go ahead and give you the setup: A bunch of fortyish wiseasses—including Cusack, former *Daily Show* correspondent Corddry, and Robinson of *The Office*—drink their way into a stupor, and end up yearning for their younger days. They make their way to the site of many a promising sex comedy, a ski resort—but not just any ski resort: This one is equipped with a Jacuzzi that, yes, transports them back to 1986. Do not question the premise. Your attendance is obviously mandatory. The movie was cowritten by the guys who hatched *Sex Drive,* an underrated, smutty road-trip flick from 2008. It also stars that film's likable (if unlikely) lothario, Clark Duke, and features cameos by Chase and Crispin Glover. But you really don't need much more information than the title to be sold on this one, do you?

BY JOSHUA ROTHKOPF

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4

Stoopid or Brilliant? Try both.

The arrival of *Hot Tub Time Machine* got us looking back at movie premises so dumb they transcend the concepts of good and bad.

***Speed,* 1994 (1)**
A Los Angeles bus can't go below 50 miles an hour or it will explode. Bullet-headed cop Keanu Reeves (in full "whoa" mode) jumps onboard and takes control. This is a movie that features a slo-mo shot of a bus doing an Evel Knievel leap over a gaping pit in the highway.

***Phone Booth,* 2002 (2)**
Forget the fact that glass-encased phone booths were, even in 2002, a thing of the past. The prospect of putting Colin Farrell in one, holding him hostage (by *24*'s Kiefer Sutherland), and pinging the sides with occasional sniper fire was way too attractive to resist. The high-concept script was by Larry Cohen, also the writer of *Cellular* and the 1974 killer-baby flick *It's Alive*.

***Harold and Kumar Go to White Castle,* 2004 (4)**
All these two young New Jerseyites want is to go to their favorite fast-food joint. Is that too much to ask? On their eventful quest, they will be confronted by racist, action-sports-loving douche bags; disapproving parents; and Neil Patrick Harris, the one-time "Doogie" Howser, who plays himself—sort of—as a dude on a bender and searching for "fur burgers."

***Snakes on a Plane,* 2006 (3)**
"Enough is enough!" screams our hero Samuel L. Jackson. "I have had it with these motherfucking snakes on this motherfucking plane!" And by the time the movie hit theaters, so had audiences. Despite a massive prerelease buzz due to its brilliant, all-you-need-know title, this one ultimately disappointed.

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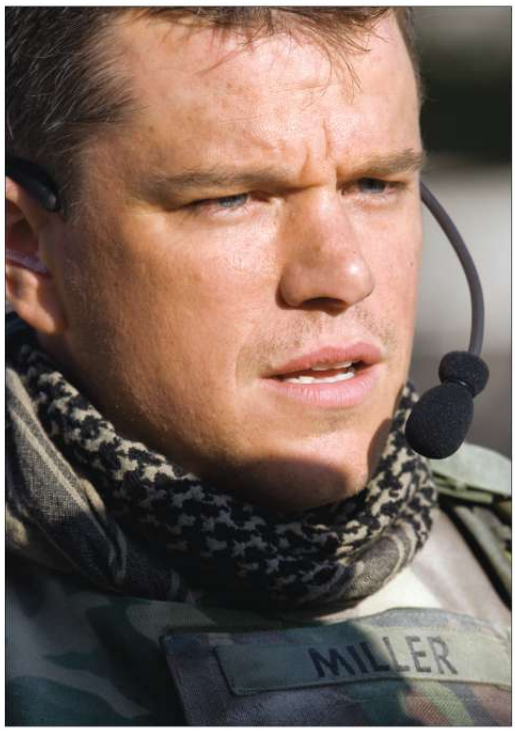
The Bounty Hunter
Gerard Butler, Jennifer Aniston
It seems like Butler appears in every other bad movie that comes out, and Aniston's presence in a film is usually a guarantee of a middling chick flick. But we're not quite ready to write off this action-comedy—and not only because it's got several bedroom scenes involving handcuffs. Butler plays a cop turned private operator who's assigned to chase a bail-skipping Aniston. She also happens to be his ex-wife, and she's wrapped up in a situation involving mobsters and other interested parties who want her dead. This could be a rom-com *Midnight Run,* or an irritating would-be madcap comedy. But if it's the former—and Aniston gets to cut loose with the sexy—we may be ready to forgive her for *Marley & Me*.

Cop Out
Bruce Willis, Tracy Morgan
We liked this movie's working title, *A Couple of Dicks,* much more than this studio-approved moniker. It's a buddy action flick directed (though not written) by Kevin Smith (*Clerks*). Even though he surely had a lot to do with its tone, Smith was tweeting his disappointment over the finished product in the months before its release. But we have to think the dude can't be completely correct. Willis and Morgan are cranky cop partners on the trail of a stolen vintage baseball card, and their hunt leads them into escapades with a bunch of comic actors almost worth the price of admission: Kevin Pollak, Adam Brody, Jason Lee, and Seann William Scott. How bad can it be? (Don't answer that.)

PHOTOGRAPH FROM *COP OUT* COURTESY OF WARNER BROS./ABBOT GENSER

Movies about the conflict in Iraq have generally tanked, but in Paul Greengrass's capable hands, there's hope for Damon's.



Green Zone
Matt Damon, Greg Kinnear, Amy Ryan
Has any actor transformed himself as completely as Damon has recently? We're not getting all James Lipton on you; we mean it literally: Damon packed on some girth and dorky glasses for Steven Soderbergh's *The Informant!,* then slimmed down and bulked up again, this time with muscle, to play a believable rugby champion in *Invictus*. With *Green Zone,* Damon is back to his lean-and-mean Jason Bourne frame to play a Bourne-like character (with *Bourne* 2 and 3 director Paul Greengrass at the helm). He's a rogue Army soldier searching for weapons of mass destruction in Iraq. Yeah, yeah, we know, movies about that conflict have generally tanked—but in Greengrass's capable hands, there's hope for this one.

BY BARBARA RICE THOMPSON

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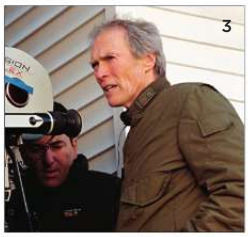
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Goodfellas

One of the greatest mobster tales in Hollywood history is back on Blu-ray, in a 20th Anniversary Edition. The previous Blu-ray release was gorgeous, and took full advantage of what the format could offer in terms of picture and sound quality. Final details about bonus features were hard to come by, but the disc comes in a 34-page digibook and is slated to include a feature-length documentary, *Public Enemies: The Golden Age of the Gangster Film;* two commentary tracks; three featurettes; and four Warner Bros. mob-related cartoons, which sound intriguing.

Double Dipping

The new Eastwood box set boasts 34 previously released Eastwood flicks and an original documentary on the man behind so much movie magic.

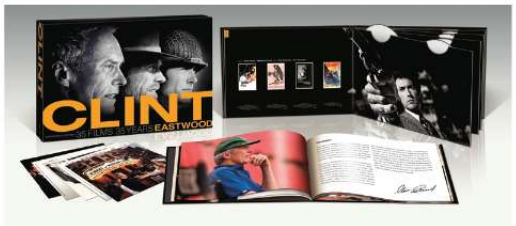
Clint Eastwood: 35 Films 35 Years at Warner Bros.

This box set, which is being billed as the largest compilation dedicated to a single artist, left us with one burning question: Why the hell didn't Warner Bros. release this during the holiday season, when I was desperately searching for a good father-in-law gift?

That aside, this is an impressive package if you haven't already purchased the included films or Warner's earlier Eastwood sets. The individual movies and their accompanying bonus features have been available previously, although the studio did add *The Eastwood Factor,* a short documentary by *Time* magazine film critic Richard Schickel. Here, the critic tours the Warner lot with Eastwood, interviews the actor/screenwriter/director at his home, and presents scenes from various movies to illustrate Eastwood's stories. It's an intriguing look at the man behind so much movie magic, and it will also be used to promote the box set and Schickel's new book, *Clint: A Retrospective*. (The book will include a 20-minute clip from the critic's film; a trailer for the doc has been screening in theaters as well.)

Eastwood's long-term relationship with a single studio is virtually unheard of these days, so while this isn't a definitive set for his entire career, you will get a sampling of pretty much all the legend's incarnations. Watch him go from young steel-jawed soldier (*Where Eagles Dare; Kelly's Heroes,* 6) to vigilante extraordinaire (the *Dirty Harry* series, 1) to light comedian costarring with an orangutan (*Every Which Way But Loose,* 2) to wizened veteran (*The Unforgiven,* 7) to schmaltzy romantic (the insipid *Bridges of Madison County*) to celebrated auteur (*Mystic River,* 3; *Million Dollar Baby,* 4) to elder statesman of the nation of ass-kicking (*Gran Torino,* 5). Just bear in mind that these are standard DVDs, not high-definition.

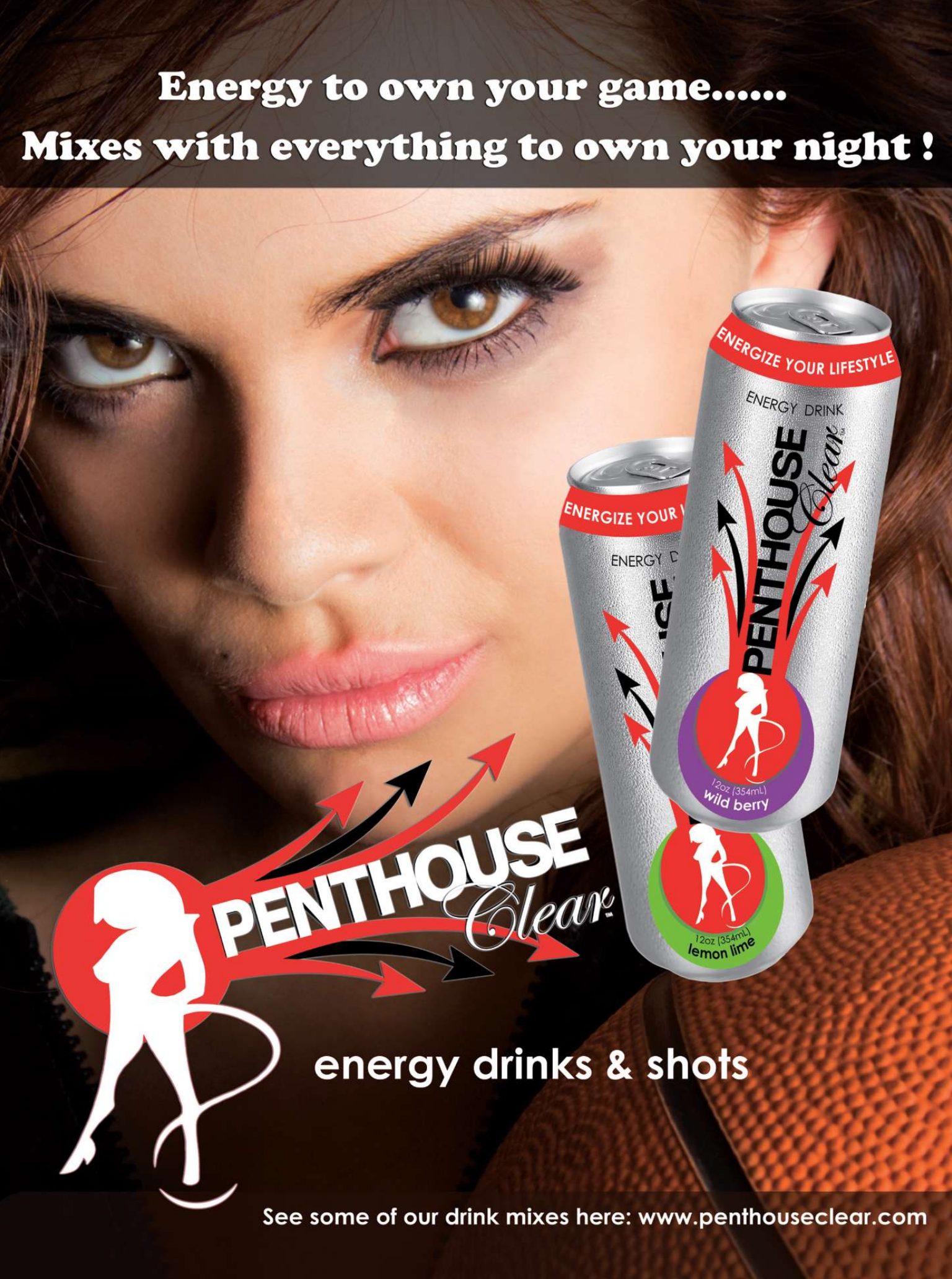
Alternatively, you can opt for *Dirty Harry: The Ultimate Collection* on Blu-ray, although, as far as we can tell, this is basically the same set that was released in 2008. Each of the five films includes its own commentary track and featurette.



House of the Devil

A pretty young coed (Jocelin Donahue) takes a babysitting gig in a big, spooky house near a cemetery on the night of a lunar eclipse. As cliché as it sounds, Ti West's movie works because he places it firmly in the eighties, at the height of satanic panic and before *Scream*-style irony entered the horror canon. Shot on 16mm in a muted palette, so it looks vintage, and played totally straight, it's a throwback to the days before audiences were so jaded. Not even the stunt casting—Dee Wallace of *The Hills Have Eyes;* Mary Woronov, Warhol muse and star of *Rock 'n' Roll High School; Manhunter*'s Tom Noonan—distracts from the scares. Any fan of classic supernatural horror will appreciate this devilish tale. Too bad the skimpy bonus features don't add much.—*Christine Colby*

PHOTOGRAPHS (1, 3, 5, 7, AND *GOODFELLAS*) COURTESY WARNER HOME VIDEO; (2, 4, 6) COURTESY EVERETT COLLECTION


Energy to own your game.....
Mixes with everything to own your night !
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ENERGY DRINK
PENTHOUSE Clear
12oz (354mL)
wild berry
12oz (354mL)
lemon lime
PENTHOUSE Clear
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Back to Basics

Alkaline Trio make a wised-up return to their roots on their seventh album, *This Addiction*. Frontman Matt Skiba talks past, present, and future.

By John Bolster

You guys have one of the better band names around. Where did it come from?
Webster's dictionary. Something I always did with all the bands I was in growing up was to flip through the dictionary to get ideas. We knew we wanted to be a three-piece, and there weren't a whole lot of bands using the word "trio." So we didn't get far into the A's before we settled on Alkaline Trio; it just had a ring to it.

The title track of the new album compares a relationship to heroin addiction. Can love ever deliver the rush of a drug without the downsides?
I don't think anything can. I think that, at least in my experience, there's a duality in everything. Nothing's perfect. So, yeah, love can be a beautiful thing, but it can also be the reason people jump out of windows.

The track "American Scream" is about post-traumatic stress disorder, which is something your

"Love can be a beautiful thing, but it can also be the reason people jump out of windows."

family history qualifies you to write about. Can you tell our readers about that?
I'm sitting in my room right now, looking at a picture of my mom in Vietnam. Both of my parents were in Vietnam. My dad was an officer, and my mom—they say some of the worst post-traumatic stress was with the nurses, and my mom was in triage in Da Nang. She was getting bombed and shot at. She never really talked about the war, though, and later in life I understood why.

You guys will go out on the road with this album. What are your tricks for staying healthy and sane during a yearlong tour?
There's this stuff called Prilosec that is an absolute must for someone who sings. I take it every day on tour—for my throat. I had really bad acid reflux. A lot of people blow their voice out because of acid reflux. Prilosec keeps all that acid away from your vocal cords. I also drink lots of Throat Coat tea, and some sort of sleep aid is really important, because you're constantly traveling, going through different time zones. Partying is good, too. You need to have a good time, but you also need to make sure that you don't feel like shit all the time, because that'll make a long tour feel even longer.

The music business is in flux right now. Where do you see it landing in five, ten years, once the dust settles?
I don't know, and I do think about it. I don't worry about it, but I ponder it quite a bit. I think people will always need art, whether it's music or film or anything else. The business side of it has obviously taken a hit, and we have new challenges there. But I think people will always crave new music. It may come down to it being dependent upon the live tour, the live shows. But I hope that's not the case. I still go to record stores. It's one of my favorite things to do, to go to Amoeba and buy albums. I would hate not to be able to do that.

You're talking vinyl?
It depends what it is. There's stuff I buy off iTunes, and then there's stuff I want to have in my car, so I'll buy that on CD, and then there's stuff I want on vinyl—that I know I'll have forever and that I want to collect. So it depends. The new Rihanna—I bought that on CD. I wanted to hear it in my car.

And?
I'm not in love with it. But there are some good tunes.

Does she talk about Mr. Brown?
She talks about shooting people, and I'm guessing that she's talking about him. I don't blame her, man. If that guy really did what they say he did, I don't think he necessarily needs to be killed over it, but maybe just shot in one of his knees.

Just the knee—so he has a reminder for the future?
Yeah, hitting the ladies is a no-no.

Speaking of ladies in distress, there's a song on your new album called "Dorothy," which is inspired by the film *Blue Velvet* and Isabella Rossellini's character, Dorothy Vallens. Are you a big fan of that movie?
I adore that film. It's a classic—I watch it all the time. And I love David Lynch. I really like the way the guy speaks and carries himself, too. It's not what you would expect from seeing his films. He's so sweet and normal. I like all of his work, but if I had to pick a favorite, it'd be *Blue Velvet*.

It still holds up, too, almost 25 years later.
Yeah, it doesn't get any less powerful. I mean, Dennis Hopper in that thing—you couldn't create a better villain. And to hear him talk about it, he says, "You know, that's me!" It's like, "Wow. That's a very brave thing to say, Mr. Hopper." But it's an amazing character. The whole film, I think, is beautiful.

REVIEWS — BY ANDY GREENWALD

ALKALINE TRIO
This Addiction
(Epitaph/Heart & Skull)

Sure, there are plenty of poppy punk bands that mistake Halloween for Valentine's Day, and take pleasure in describing their heartbreak in visceral terms cribbed from horror films. But none are as clever—or consistent—as Chicago's Alkaline Trio. *This Addiction* dials up the heroin-as-romance metaphors and bad puns ("Dine, Dine My Darling") while dialing down the ambition: Its 11 razor blade–straight songs zip by in 34 minutes. Short and sharp, it's the album as defibrillator.

FRIGHTENED RABBIT
The Winter of Mixed Drinks
(FatCat)

Frightened Rabbit began as a vehicle for a mopey Scot named Scott (Hutchison) to vent his post-breakup angst, but the band has outgrown its humble, therapeutic beginnings. Its third album brims with confidence, from the piano-and-hand-clap romp "The Loneliness and the Scream" to the jaw-dropping kiss-off anthem "Nothing Like You" (yowls Hutchison, "Here is a story and you're not in it." *Burn!*). *Winter* is a warming shot of single-malt on a freezing day—no mixers needed.

SHOOTER JENNINGS
Black Ribbons
(Black Country Rock/ Rocket Science Ventures)

Shooter Jennings—son of icon Waylon—has done plenty to honor his father's outlaw legacy. Now *Black Ribbons,* a schizoid 20-track concept album recorded with his Tool-esque band, Hierophant, ups the ante. The disc careens from the swampy "Wake Up!" to the insane taunt-rapping of "Fuck You (I'm Famous)," with annoying spoken-word interludes, some by Stephen King. *Ribbons* is an entertaining mess. Captivating and aggravating? Sounds like a Jennings boy to us.

LADY ANTEBELLUM
Need You Now
(Capitol Nashville)

Even those who defend the inoffensive "innovation" in mainstream country circa 2010 might take issue with Lady Antebellum, a Nashville trio that pulls off the semantic trick of being both utterly tasteful and completely bland. Lady A. builds on the polite success of its 2008 debut, refusing to mess with the platinum formula: competent he said/she said vocals, a splash of fiddle, a dash of lonesome, and goopy lyrics about subjects like love and honey. Recommended for those who find Hallmark cards too edgy.

REVIEWS

BioShock 2

2K GAMES (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

If you hate to be spoiled for endings, we implore you, don't pop in *BioShock 2* if you haven't finished the original. We won't give anything away here, except to say that the sequel is set ten years after the original. You do the math.

This time you step into the metal suit of the original Big Daddy, who must battle nasty new nemeses: the Dr. Sophia Lamb–controlled Big Sisters. (The No. 1 thing we took away from *BioShock* is that chicks are scary.) As you search for your original Little Sister inside and outside the dystopian world of Rapture, you'll adopt and protect the girls you come across who warn you of approaching Big Sisters and who harvest from corpses the Adam—life force—that you use as currency. The moral dilemma remains: After they've done their duty, you can choose to save them or harvest their Adam.

Don't expect to be as visually floored as you were the first time around, as you've returned to familiar ground. But there are new areas to explore, and using plasmids in conjunction with one another to create dazzling effects that obliterate crazed citizens will put that grin back on your face. Plus, a much-desired multiplayer mode that takes place a year before the original game allows you to incinerate your friends or plug them with your rivet gun.

HEAVY RAIN

SONY (PS3)

The first time we saw this thriller, we were on the edge of our seat. You use your wits to solve a frightening murder mystery, and surprisingly enough, you don't even miss the leveling-up, shooting exploding barrels, item collecting, etc., of most videogames. There are more than 20 possible endings.

Rocks: This title is intense, atmospheric, and unforgettable. The characters react like real people instead of scripted villains. Hours of hunting down the Origami Killer will ruin your chances of getting a good night's rest more than any survival-horror title, and we mean that as a compliment. The controls take a little while to master, but once you do, you'll appreciate their sensitivity. One female character gets topless.

Flops: If you make a wrong choice, main characters die—for good. Though we enjoyed playing as multiple characters, we couldn't help but think that sticking with just one would have made for an even deeper storyline. You're playing Madison when she does her striptease.

BY REBECCA SWANNER

PREVIEWS

BATTLEFIELD: BAD COMPANY 2
EA (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

In the original *Bad Company,* your companions in your tour in a fictional war were unusual characters as set on getting home as they were on stealing gold from the army. You're back in the mountains of Russia with your "B" squad, which is determined to blow up everything in sight.
Rocks: There's even more destruction this time. Chatting is allowed in parties; just remember, real men don't tip off their teammates to the location of each and every enemy. The team play in multiplayer mode is strong.
Flops: The specialist weapon kit has been scrapped; those weapons are now split among the other four classes you choose from before respawning. We didn't have enough time with the single-player campaign to decide whether or not it avoids the weaknesses of the original.

TOM CLANCY'S SPLINTER CELL: CONVICTION
UBISOFT (XBOX 360, PC)

Finally, Sam Fischer is coming out of the shadows. Or at least out of all the protective gear and super-high-tech devices he's been toting around. After he goes vigilante to catch his daughter's killers, his former agency, the Third Echelon, thinks he's the enemy; he's on his own to stop the terrorists.
Rocks: Those hunting you down—that is, almost everyone—will look for you in your last known position, which you can use to gain a tactical advantage. A new combat move called "Mark and Execute" allows you to set your target on two enemies that aren't aware of your presence. The new co-op prequel campaign that features two new characters is intense, as is the heavy single-player campaign.
Flops: Fischer eventually gets his expensive goodies back, which feels like a letdown after he's learned to rely on more organic methods.

STAR TREK ONLINE
ATARI (PC)

This past year was good to *Trek* fans. For a short while, one of 2009's biggest blockbusters beamed nearly the entire country onboard with them. With any luck, some of those new fans will team up with the legions of true fanatics fluent in Klingon to battle for control of the skies in this massive multiplayer online title. FYI: You get different exclusive content depending on where you purchase the game. Gamestop has our favorite—the ability to command the *Enterprise*. Amazon offers a "liberated Borg" bridge officer with nanotechnology augmentations; Target has a unique ground weapon; Direct2Drive and STEAM have a personal shield and advanced armor, respectively. Your girlfriend will want to go to Best Buy for the Tribble pet.
Rocks: You're the captain, and can choose an on-the-brink-of-war Klingon ship or join Starfleet. You'll travel to distant worlds where enemies will try to kill you, just like on every version of *Star Trek*. You and your compatriots can gang up in major battles. The new movie's Spocks—Leonard Nimoy and Zachary Quinto—are doing voice-overs; Quinto plays a medical hologram.
Flops: The combat is a touch rudimentary, but fanboys can write their own captain's log. We'll bet for many of them, it won't be their first.

FINAL FANTASY XIII
SQUARE ENIX (XBOX 360, PS3)

We've got some bad news: The gods have it in for you. Once you've been marked by the fal'Cie in this installment of the classic role-playing game, you're going to die. Follow their orders and you'll be turned into a crystal. Don't, and you become a monster. Either way, you're history. This is already a huge hit in Japan, and is sure to delight fans of the long-running franchise.
Rocks: There are two wild worlds: the high-tech Cocoon, where the players have grown up, and the much wilder Pulse. Some players may call foul, but we think the ability to control only one (versus all) of three players during a battle sequence and command the battle stance of the others, but not their specific moves, makes fighting more fun and less of a grind. Classic monsters—including Bahamut, Shiva, and Chocobos—and a host of fine animated ladies will entertain you through your 45-plus-hour journey.
Flops: The linear format is more fitting for an action adventure than a traditional RPG. Each player has only one character they can summon during battle—call us old-fashioned, but we miss having an army of creatures to pick from. The summoned turn into mechanized, rideable objects. What is this, *Transformers*? Also, there are no towns, and thus, there is no one to engage with.

READS

BY RACHEL KRAMER BUSSEL

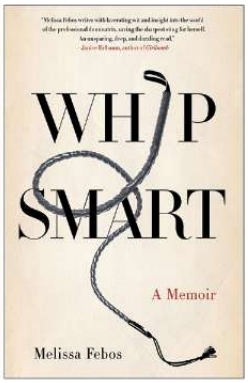
Lash Life: Febos looks back on a career in kink, which—though powerfully rendered in her book—wasn't as hot as this *Penthouse* pictorial featuring Katya and Bobby in S&M roleplay.

When the Whip Comes Down

A new memoir looks back with unflinching honesty and keen insight on one woman's life as a dominatrix.

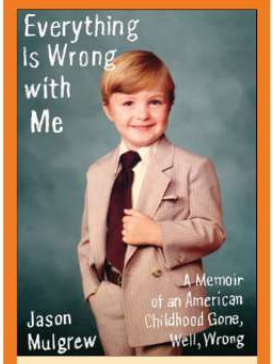
Whip Smart: A Memoir
By Melissa Febos
Thomas Dunne Books/St. Martin's

What's it really like to be a dominatrix? Febos knows firsthand, and she shares her insights in this captivating memoir. The writing is crisp, and the stories are fascinating (and sometimes horrifying) as Febos journeys into the dark heart of the male submissive. She "smothers" some men, plays Mommy to others, plunges one guy's head into a bucket of water, and uses a muscle stimulator to send currents through a man's nipples, scrotum, and penis.

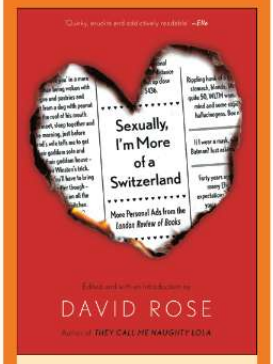


Febos is fearlessly honest about her feelings for her clients (mixed) and her work (ditto), and she clearly conveys what she learned about herself during four years of dungeon work. Of her ability to become a sadist, she writes, "Perhaps I longed for a sort of freedom from conscience, or at least the ability to override it, that would sanction cruelty." It's these insights into her attitudes and kinks, that separate this book from the pack of sex-worker memoirs.

REVIEWS



Wending his way through his childhood, parents' divorce, Little League career, and attempts to get girls, Mulgrew is both amusing and offensive in this Harper Perennial book. As an adult, he goes "hooker hunting"—not to hire one, but out of "a morbid curiosity." Mulgrew is best when he sticks to pop culture, as when he describes New Edition singer Johnny Gill's voice as "an orgasm covered in chocolate." But like the author's stint in Little League, there's more miss than hit here.



This is Simon & Schuster's second volume of unreasonably funny personal ads—"lonely hearts" they call them across the pond—culled from the *London Review of Books*. It's every bit as entertaining as the first, which took its title from the following ad: "They call me naughty Lola. Run-of-the-mill beardy physicist (M, 46)." Dip into any one of the book's sections and savor the special brand of British wit, highbrow references, and tweedy surrealism on display.—*John Bolster*

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THE PICKUP AS PREDATOR

Beware, 4x4 owners: Ford's F-150 Raptor SVT will eviscerate you on the trail, the highway, or even just posing in the parking lot.

By Bill Heald

THE TERM *RAPTOR* REFERS TO AGGRESSIVE BIRDS OF PREY, and they are badasses in their own right. But *raptor* is also short for *velociraptor,* an even nastier predatory dinosaur that achieved screen immortality in the movie *Jurassic Park*. Ford decided to name what is easily the wildest, most brutal production F-150 pickup ever built after these violent birds/lizards because it is built to traverse nasty terrain at high speed, especially in desert-racing situations, and to pretty much eat the competition alive.

The SVT designation allegedly stands for "Special Vehicle Team" (the engineers that reworked this popular truck into something savage), but a more fitting meaning would be "Severe Vehicular Tauntmaster." The Raptor not only looks tougher than any Hummer, Jeep, or competing pickup by a stretch, but it is brilliantly reinforced from the ground up to walk the walk and beat rugged trails into submission. Beneath the trick body panels (including modified fenders with heat extractors; special hood, front bumper, and grill designs; and endless detail work), the chassis has been reinforced to do battle at high speeds with the roughest of trails. The goal is to conquer the elements without breaking either it or your spine, and it succeeds admirably. This starts with widening the track by a whopping seven inches, bolting on massive cast-aluminum SVT front-control arms, and arming all four corners with huge Fox Racing Shox (that's shocks to you and me). These units have sophisticated valving that prevents bottoming out after big hits and jumps, while allowing plenty of wheel mobility and a comfy ride. Special B. F. Goodrich 35-inch tires keep the Raptor riding high, and when you're behind the wheel you (almost) feel like you're peering down from the stratosphere. Back on Earth, rocks and potholes vanish with nary a quiver, and the truck's ability to transit lunar-spec terrain is pretty amazing.

Obviously, this great suspension magic would be useless without a properly pumped-up 4x4 drivetrain—the Raptor scores well in this regard. A 5.4-liter V-8 with 310 horsepower is standard (320 horsepower if you run E85 ethanol), and teamed with a six-speed automatic transmission. Power is good and there's a deep, throaty exhaust burble, but for maximum havoc more grunt would be desirable. (A 6.2-liter V-8 should be available soon.) The transmission is smooth and features a

Tow/Haul mode; the Raptor can haul 1,020 pounds of payload or pull a trailer weighing up to 6,000 pounds.

If you kept up with the *Jurassic Park* franchise, you know that the velociraptor is one wicked-smart killing machine. The Raptor of this epoch is pretty brainy as well, with a host of brilliant black boxes to electronically keep you on target. A locking rear differential engages with the tug of a knob, ensuring both rear wheels get full power to extricate you from the nastiest bogs. A special off-road button retools the drivetrain tuning for better response in the bush, and a Hill Descent button works with the AdvanceTrac traction and roll stability controls to help keep you from sliding uncontrollably down steep inclines. Really supportive seats and good forward visibility (and an optional rearview camera that's invaluable when backing up or turning around on the trail) keep you and your passengers comfortable and secure, and safe from any other predatory dinosaurs you may encounter.

When you top this monster off with a killer Sony sound system (including Ford's SYNC communication/entertainment interface), the Raptor is a solid, capable, and—best of all—unique truck that is damn near unstoppable. Oh, and you can haul a lot of stuff with it, too, which is more than you can say for those skinny ol' dinosaurs.

You never want a raptor chasing you. Whether it's a vicious, flesh-rending dinosaur or Ford's new pickup, both cover brutal terrain at amazing speeds.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Body style	Four-door extended-cab pickup
Engine	5.4-liter V-8
Power	310 (320 with E85 ethanol)
Torque	365 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed automatic
Front tires	LT315/70R-17
Rear tires	LT315/70R-17
Curb weight	5,863 pounds
PERFORMANCE	
0–60	8.2 seconds
Top speed	100 mph (electronically governed)
Fuel capacity	26 gallons
Fuel economy (est.)	14 city/18 highway
Base price	$46,020

The Wild One

Triumph resurrects the motorcycle that brought mayhem to a sleepy town in a Hollywood classic.

By Bill Heald

The July 4th holiday period in 1947 was a wild time in America. An alleged UFO crashed outside Roswell, New Mexico, and in Hollister, California, an assortment of "gypsy" motorcyclists attending a rally became so raucous that a small army of state police got involved. The actual degree of insurrection in Hollister was paltry, but sensational coverage led to inflated claims of chaos, and in 1953 a film was released based on the incident. *The Wild One,* now a cult classic, starred Marlon Brando and his 1950 Triumph 6T Thunderbird as the leaders of the pack. This exposure did wonders for Triumph sales in the U.S., and also boosted sales of black leather jackets like the one Brando wore. Triumph continued to build Thunderbirds off and on through 2004, but—unlike the original with a parallel twin engine—the T-Bird had grown a third cylinder and basically lost its rebellious mystique.

Sixty years after Brando purchased the bike he would eventually ride in the film, Triumph has re-created the Thunderbird based on the engine architecture of the original. But where the 6T had a wee 649-cc twin, the 2010 Thunderbird roars through town with 1,600 ccs of brawny British hooliganism. The engine is not only larger than that of the Brandomobile, but it's loaded with the latest technology, including liquid cooling; multipoint sequential fuel injection; a 270-degree firing order for a cool, seductive cadence; and twin counterbalancers to smooth the vibes. The result is a civilized yet potent mill that has a feel and sound quite unique in the big cruiser genre (and packs 85 horsepower and 108 foot-pounds of torque). Such muscular numbers wouldn't be much fun if you had to wring the engine mercilessly to get the power, but the big Bird has a broad, flat plateau of power that starts just off idle and extends nearly to the 6,500 rpm

PHOTOGRAPH OF BRANDO COURTESY OF EVERETT COLLECTION

redline. The six-speed transmission has a very high top gear for effortless highway cruising, and the final drive is a reinforced belt (Triumph's first since the 1940s). A meaty 200-series rear tire gets the rubber to the road and adds to the bike's big-boy presence. This is a substantial motorcycle, and many parts that are typically made of plastic these days (like the turn signals and assorted small bits) are metal. Enhancing the visual experience, the massive chrome headlight housing reflects the countryside like a floating crystal ball as you motor along.

As stretched-out as the T-Bird looks, its wheelbase isn't so vast that maneuverability suffers. Indeed, the bike responds instantly to inputs to the wide bars and corners well, as long as you remember that it's not a sport bike. The standard brakes are excellent and ABS is available (a feature Brando's Johnny would have appreciated when he needed to stop to pick up his girl), and there are lots of accessories on tap for your customizing pleasure.

More than half a century has passed since the first T-Bird rolled into town and scared the locals. Now it's bigger, bolder, and badder than ever.

SPECIFICATIONS	
Engine type	Liquid-cooled parallel twin
Bore x stroke	103.8 mm x 94.3 mm
Displacement	1,597 cc
Fuel system	Multipoint sequential
Ignition	Digital electronic
Transmission	Six speed
Front suspension	47-mm telescopic forks
Rear suspension	Dual shocks, pre-load adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 310-mm discs, optional ABS
Rear brake	Single 310-mm disc, optional ABS
Front tire	120/70-R19
Rear tire	200/50-R17
Fuel tank	5.8 gallons
Wheelbase	63.5 inches
Seat height	27.5 inches
Dry weight	678 pounds
MSRP	Black $12,499; with ABS $13,299; two-tone $12,799; with ABS $13,599

SCOUNDREL

Squeeze Play

Does her lack of rack mean you're destined to cheat? Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to make the breast, um, best of the situation.

Illustration by Celia Calle

Dear Scoundrel,
I've been with my girl for two years now. She's definitely the most easygoing chick I've ever been with—I could come home at 4 A.M. with a used condom on the bottom of my shoe and she'd just be like, "Let me get that for you, honey." Okay, maybe she's not that chill, but you get the idea: She's more or less the ideal girlfriend. There's just one thing holding me back from proposing: I'm a boob man, and she's a B-cup at best. So far it hasn't been an issue because she has a banging body and an ass like two tennis balls, but I'm constantly worried that I'll end up cheating on her with the next D-cup who bends over in front of me. I don't want to be that guy if we're going to get married. But I'm not sure how she'd take it if I asked her to get a boob job. Any advice?

The fact is, traditional wedding vows say "to have and to hold" for a reason—I don't blame you for being worried about having nothing to hold. Much like an all-you-can-eat pizza buffet, boobs are the gift that keeps on giving, and your concerns about making do with B-cups could easily cause your marriage to go tits-up. I've seen many a blessed union go bust.

Your first option is to just accept the situation. Be thankful that she won't end up with saggy baggies, and convince her to get off the Pill. A Pill-free woman's tits can go up a cup size during her period, making that your three-day fun-bag pass. And of course pregnancy makes for awesome growth spurts (her tits grow, you spurt all over them).

A second option is to try to have your cupcakes *and* a second helping. You say your girl is laid-back—meaning there's a possibility she'd be willing to *literally* lie back and let you watch her get eaten out by the stacked girl who's been flirting with you in the copy room. Then, while your girlfriend is distracted by orgasmic goodness, your hands—and dick—are free to fully explore and appreciate the generous serving of spare bosom. To convince your girlfriend, put your dilemma in terms she can understand. Tell her to imagine a kitten. Sure, that kitten will make do with a piece of string, but it's going to ditch it the second it sees a big ol' ball of yarn. Now imagine the kitten sees *two* balls of yarn that are the catnip version of big, perky balls of saline glistening with exotic African massage oils. How happy is *that* kitten? She'll quickly understand, and hopefully you can convince her to at least don the silicone strap-ons you got her for Valentine's. The better models are expensive but, hey, so is a divorce.

Ideally, you'll get her to come around to the idea of an actual boob job. If you're really lucky, she's always dreamed of having enough up top to fill out that perfect wedding dress she saw when she was 12. If you have to use your powers of persuasion, be sure to finesse it. Before she does something permanent like that for you, you're going to have to spend a good deal of time reassuring her that you plan to always be her main squeeze. Just make it clear to her that the key word here is "squeeze."

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Playing the Age Card

Now that I'm in my thirties, I can attest that passing into the middle-age years bears one incredible gift: a new way to avoid shit that annoys me.

By Chris Illuminati • Illustration by Chris Hiers

With age comes perks. The year on a birth certificate allows access past the velvet ropes of some of life's guilty pleasures. You drive a car at 16 or 17. At 18, you drive that car to the nearest strip club. The milestone of 21 allows you to legally drink and gamble. (Note the word *legally*.) A friend commented at my 21st-birthday shindig that there's not much to celebrate about aging after blowing out the flames on the giant "2" and "1" candles. He was correct. Every birthday since then has been an absolute fucking bore. Thirty was no big deal. I could give a shit about the impending 4-0, literally and figuratively, depending on how gentle the doctor is during my recommended prostate exam.

My progression in years, however, has led to a newfound freedom from obligatory bullshit, a regression in the behavior society deems appropriate and necessary for a man. While most guys become more docile and compliant each year (the "suck it up" mentality), I've decided to free myself of all those obligations, occasions, responsibilities, and situations that annoy the shit out of me. This is me flashing my age credentials. I was born in 1977. Yes, it was a very good year. Now to reap some benefits.

The beer in my fridge is just as cold as the beer at the bar, and I'm too old to let uninterested women milk me for drinks. Let the kid down the street sweat through his boxers while cutting the grass. I'll hand him a crisp Ulysses S. for his troubles. A man my age doesn't attend all-day concerts, and he certainly doesn't piss and drink on the same spot of land. Plus, I can finally tell my mother no. "I'm 33 years old, Mom! I don't have to attend every family function. I don't care how disappointed Uncle Cecil will be if I'm a no-show at his salute-to-spring party. Didn't Uncle Cecil miss my high school graduation? What goes around comes around."

I'm not alone. This could almost be considered acceptable behavior in men of a certain age. Clinical psychologist Dr. Jacob Small explains, "What feels right can, over time, also feel constraining and obligatory, leading to what psychologists call 'reactance,' or an obstinate rejection of those responsibilities."

Whatever that psycho-speak means, I'm just tired of doing shit because I'm guilted into it by society, the media, and Hallmark/American Greetings. My first great age-inspired rebellion was a gift to myself in my mid-twenties, and it set the wheels in motion for the crash of a five-year relationship. I had been unhappy for months, but stayed with her because it was the adult thing to do. "Relationships hit rough spots," people told me. "Weather the storm. You'll be happy when you're married." Doubtful. The two biggest hurdles in that race to the altar were religion and sex—too much of one and none of the other.

The argument started because she was expecting an engagement ring. I told her I didn't have any money to spend on a ring. She asked about the money I'd been saving, and I told her to stop being ridiculous. That money was long gone, spent on a trip to Las

She was expecting an engagement ring. I told her to stop being ridiculous. The money I was saving was long gone, spent on a trip to Las Vegas with friends.

Vegas with four friends. What trip to Vegas? Oh, right, sorry, forgot to tell you. I'm going to Vegas ... with the boys ... and without you.

The truth is, I was unhappy. I dreaded the life that was coming if I gave her that ring. I was too old (or was it too young?) to be unhappy. I was definitely too old to be told how and where to spend my money. "I think this is understood well in terms of an age-related conflict of identity," says Dr. Small. "You're struggling to define yourself in terms of who you are, who you feel you ought to be, and who you want yourself to be."

Well, now I'm well on my way to being the man I want to be, and combining that with who I ought to be. I'm looking forward to reaching an advanced age and living life like a carefree, Metamucil-chugging Master of the Universe who just doesn't give a fuck anymore. I'm looking forward to it so much that I refuse to wait. I'm going to emulate those men in their sixties and seventies who display more of a "this is my life—go fuck yourself" attitude than any rebellious teen. Those old coots figuratively spit in society's face and society takes it because they've earned respect by being our elders. Or it could be because the old fucks could drop dead at any moment. Whatever the reason, I yearn for the carte blanche attitude and tapioca-pudding treats that await me at Trembling Hills for the Old and Soon Departed.

Hopefully my kids will come by to say hello once in a while. They shouldn't feel obligated, though. They'll be old enough to make their own choices. And if they're too busy to visit the old man, I'll choose to call them selfish bastards ... and society will forgive me.

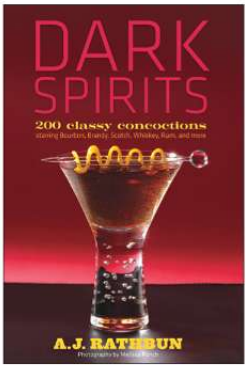
Lights Out

Let the spirits in A. J. Rathbun's new tippling tome guide you.

By Meaghan Dorman

It's time to embrace the concept of cocktails made with booze of the brown hues. Here to help you out is mixologist A. J. Rathbun, who has dedicated his fifth cocktail book to rum, brandy, and whiskey recipes. *Dark Spirits: 200 Classy Concoctions Starring Bourbon, Brandy, Scotch, Whiskey, Rum, and More* is full of ways to shake, stir, and enjoy the full range of offerings these spirits can provide.

The Midwest-raised Rathbun got an early start on cocktail-mixing via his life-of-the-party parents. He then used his resident mixologist reputation to earn some roadie gigs around Middle America, where his main responsibility was getting band members drunk. Rathbun dutifully carried out his task, and later parlayed that skill into the more ambitious job of getting the rest of the country tipsy on his recipes.



Rathbun saw a niche for his book when he realized how many imbibers stick to using vodka and gin in mixed drinks. "People see dark spirits as something to drink solo, or only in the winter," he says. "But they are much more versatile than that." Along with compiling a variety of recipes from classic and contemporary sources, Rathbun tested on friends new recipes that stretch the horizons of dark drinks.

The book, which is aimed at the home bartender who's looking to throw one hell of a party, has sidebars explaining lesser-known ingredients like Fernet Branca and Lillet. To help you prep for that rager, Rathbun also offers tips that will allow you to host the party *and* enjoy yourself. Here's a free one: Stick to a couple of signature drinks instead of trying to please everyone. People will drink what's there—bonus points when it's delicious.

Aside from the mass of high-quality labels on the market and the wide range of flavors they provide, dark spirits possess a romance that white spirits just can't compete with. Ancient lore of pirates and kings is rife with brandy, rum, and whiskey references. Rathbun harnesses that mystique in a chapter called "Dark Drinks That Go Bump in the Night," wherein you can discover the black hood and warlock recipes. In the "Dim the Lights, Chill the Cocktails" chapter, Rathbun concentrates on the sexy side of dark spirits. He spells out recipes perfect for when it's just you and a lady clinking glasses. If you want to ensure you end up there, learn how to perfectly craft a between the sheets.

Along with the sazerac (see recipe), which is experiencing a renaissance outside its New Orleans birthplace, Rathbun thinks the scofflaw is on deck for a second wind in the cocktail scene. The mix of rye whiskey, dry vermouth, lemon, grenadine, and orange bitters is named after a popular 1920s term for lawless Prohibition dodgers. Rathbun's personal choice for at-home imbibing is the day-off punch, a mix of rye whiskey, sweet vermouth, lemon, and ginger ale. With its recipes ranging from simple mixes to stirred and complex cocktails, *Dark Spirits* is sure to serve everyone a drink to erase all fears.

SAZERAC

I love the sazerac so intensely it's nearly hard for me to talk about it. Yes, get me a sazerac, the official cocktail of New Orleans. Originally made at the Sazerac Coffee House with the house cognac, Sazerac de Forge et Fils, combined with an elixir made by Saint Dominique transplant Antoine Amadie Peychaud, the sazerac traveled through history, replacing the cognac with rye, and sometimes the rye with bourbon.—A. J. Rathbun

SAZERAC

2 ounces rye or bourbon
1/4 ounce absinthe
1/2 ounce simple syrup
2 dashes Peychaud's Bitters
Lemon twist for garnish

1. Carefully pour the absinthe into an old-fashioned or rocks glass and swirl it around respectfully so that it coats the glass's inside walls, then fill the glass with ice cubes.
2. Fill a cocktail shaker halfway with ice cubes. Add the rye (or bourbon, if it comes to that), the simple syrup, and the bitters. Shake well.
3. Strain the shaken ingredients into the glass, then garnish with the lemon twist and a few short words.

"The two sazeracs had loosened her up a little and it looked as if we might become buddies."— James L. Rubel, ***No Business for a Lady,*** 1950

Excerpted from *Dark Spirits,* by A. J. Rathbun. © 2009, used by permission from the Harvard Common Press.

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Veronic

her cups runneth over

Our 2010 Pet of the Year, Taylor Vixen, has been asking one question: "Who's going to be my *Penthouse* wife?" It's a safe bet she's satisfied with the answer. We're certainly aroused by the prospect of spending a year in the company of Veronica Ricci, the statuesque 21-year-old from Sacramento, California, who originally graced these pages as our April 2009 Pet of the Month.

Photographs by Misha and Cisco Lamessi

"I was pretty new to the industry when I became a Pet, and being in the magazine gave me an instant surge in visibility. Suddenly I was being contacted by a lot of fans, which I love. I can't wait to meet people who dig me because of what they've seen in *Penthouse*."

"Being named Runner-Up means *a lot* to me. My family kind of laughed and someone said, 'Well, it's not quite Miss America.' But since the Pet of the Year competition is so much more uninhibited than a beauty pageant, it's much, much more fun."

"I like to be dominated sexually, and—on rare occasions—to be the one dominating. The idea of playing a schoolgirl who needs to learn a lesson is *hot*. Oh, and I can't wait to be a librarian! I love to dress up in sexy outfits and tease the hell out of someone, and I *love* to talk dirty."

"What's the biggest turn-on for me? Masturbating, my vibrator, sexy girls who are into me, people getting turned on for me, sexy scenes in movies.... These are a few of my favorite things."

"I frequently double-book myself or schedule work for a day when I have a major assignment due or should be studying for a final. I would love to have a personal assistant. Anyone want to be my assistant? You'll have your own office under my desk."

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MINING THE MADNESS

Tips, traps, tales, and talismans—your compact guide to the NCAA's annual hard-court hysteria.

By John Bolster

Bracketology 101

Five tips to win your office pool

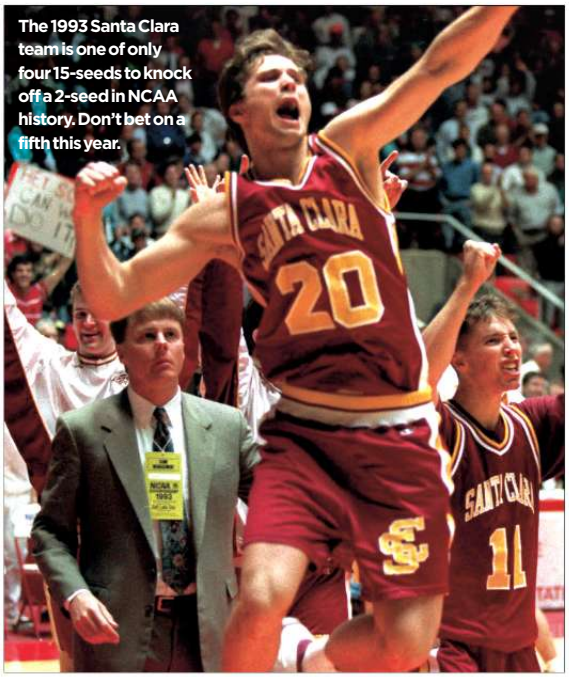
5 Go with the 10-seeds in those 7-10 first-round matchups. These games are pretty much toss-ups, so if your 10s come through, those extra three points (for seed difference) can help you down the line.

4 Don't even try to pick upsets of any of the top four seeds in any region. The numbers are just not in your favor: A 16-seed has *never* beaten a 1, and only four No. 15 seeds have ever knocked off No. 2s. As for 3- and 4-seeds, well, the top four are 301-35 against their lower-seed counterparts, meaning they win 90 percent of the time. Sure, a lofty seed falls every once in a while, but your odds of calling the upset are infinitesimal.

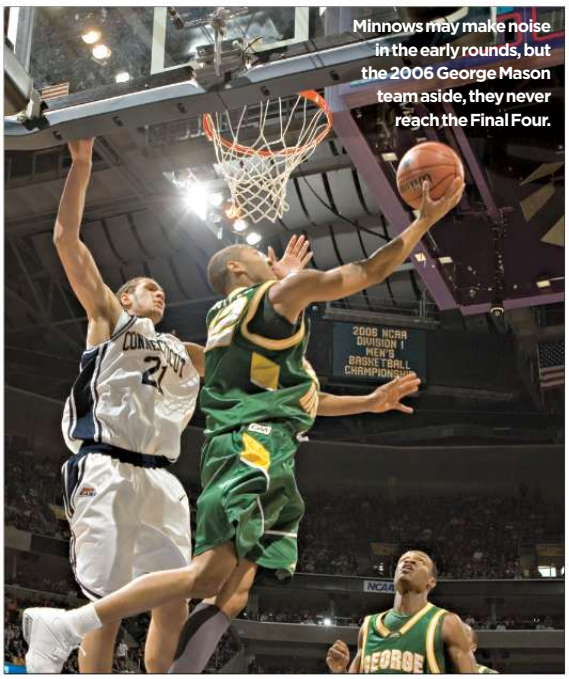
3 For a decent big-time-upset bet, try a 10-seed versus a 2-seed in the second round. Historically, 2-seeds are only 5-9 in this matchup. Strange, but true.

2 Always consult with Phyllis from Accounting. She looks rather harmless, but Phyllis is a stone-cold killer when it comes to brackets. She wins the office pool every year. Casually ask her which team she's taking in that Gonzaga–Michigan State Sweet 16 matchup. Then run back to your desk and change whatever you had originally. No, really.

1 March Madness is famous for its upsets, and rightly so, but the stark reality is that chalk wins out. Upsets drop off dramatically in the later rounds of the tournament. You might see an underdog or two in the Elite Eight, but don't back them to advance; there's roughly an 85 percent chance they won't. A whopping 95 percent of Final Four teams since 1997 have come from BCS conferences, i.e., the ACC, Big East, Big Ten, Big 12, Pac-10, and the SEC.



The 1993 Santa Clara team is one of only four 15-seeds to knock off a 2-seed in NCAA history. Don't bet on a fifth this year.



Minnows may make noise in the early rounds, but the 2006 George Mason team aside, they never reach the Final Four.

Five bracket traps to avoid

5 The heart-over-head pick. Say you went to Notre Dame, and you loved it. But the Irish struggled just to reach the tournament this year (again, just hypothetically). Say they're a 13-seed. Face the facts: They're mediocre at best—much like the football team (no longer speaking hypothetically). Do not back them to knock off that ACC power in the first round.

4 The momentum-from-conference-tournament pick. That scrappy team that barely kept its head above .500 during the regular season but then went on a run in their conference tournament, won the thing, and got a berth into the NCAAs? Yeah, they're spent. The blue-chip teams in their conference were under-motivated in the postseason tourney, their NCAA berths secured, while the scrappy team was playing for its life. That team is just happy to be in the Big Dance. They're not going anywhere.

3 The multiple-bracket brutha. Don't be this guy, the one with five different Final Four configurations and five different brackets in five money pools. For one thing, it's borderline cheating (or at least seriously lame hedging). It also dilutes the fun of the whole enterprise. Show some commitment; you'll make better picks.

2 The caveat to No. 2 in "Tips." By all means, consult Phyllis in Accounting—but only if she can correctly identify a basketball when shown a photo of one. If she owns a "Hang in There" poster of a kitten on a tree branch, and is picking games based on which mascot she prefers, well, she's a lovely person, but do not employ her as your bracket muse.

1 The by-the-numbers bracket. The cream definitely rises in the NCAAs, but don't go all chalk with your bracket. There will be upsets, and the Elite Eight is likely to be missing at least one No. 1 seed. Only twice in tournament history have all four No. 1s advanced to the final eight.

Gansey was indeed lethal.

Tales of March Madness

We polled readers for their best stories of tourney-watching, gambling, boozing, or road-tripping. They flooded our in-box. Here are three of the best—they illustrate what March Madness is all about.

"GANSEY IS *LETHAL*!"

Steve, New Jersey: I'll never forget the year [2005] that West Virginia upset Wake Forest in double overtime in the second round. The game featured a classic call by CBS announcer Ian Eagle. This was when Chris Paul was at Wake and no one thought anything of John Beilein's ragtag West Virginia squad. Sure enough, they give Wake a game down to the wire, and into two OTs. Paul would go and score, but West Virginia would answer right back, usually through a guard named Mike Gansey—a white dude with a horrible haircut and a huge, baggy T-shirt under his jersey. Gansey had 19 points in the overtime periods alone, and when he nailed a three-pointer to put the game away, Eagle screamed, "Gansey is *lethal*!"

I was in Vegas at the time, and that became the rallying cry for the weekend. A friend gets a girl's number? "Gansey is *lethal*!" A buddy hits on 16 at the blackjack table and draws a 5? "Gansey is *lethal*!" That Saturday night, one of our crew even busted it out in his hotel room during a late-night hookup, confusing the hell out of his one-night stand.

When I think of the NCAA tournament, I think of Mike Gansey. I wonder where the hell he is today. [*Editor's note:* He's with the Idaho Stampede of the NBA D-League.]

VACATED

Russ, Michigan, 1992: Freshman year at Michigan, there was ecstasy in the dorms as we watched the Fab Five beat Jim Jackson and hated Ohio State in OT in the regional final to advance to the Final Four. They met Nick Van Exel and Cincinnati, and beat them to reach the final. Pandemonium on campus. But we won't talk about the 20-point loss to Duke in the championship game, or the Chris Webber time-out in the final the next year ... or even the fact that neither team's runs even exist anymore, thanks to NCAA violations. [*Editor's note:* Michigan sanctioned its own basketball program for multiple violations, including booster payments to several players, during the Fab Five's tenure, retroactively forfeiting every game the quintet was involved in; the NCAA officially vacated the records for those Michigan teams.]

In the eyes of the NCAA, the Fab Five never existed, okay?

"THE SPRING OF OWEN"

Owen, Virginia: Allow me to tell you about the Spring of Owen, aka March–April 2007.

Here is the sequence of events and some brief highlights.

• March 2007:

Weekend No. 1: Vegas

Walk out of my office for the last time, after seven years on the job. Fly to Sin City with two buddies from my alma mater, Georgetown, for Sweet 16/Elite Eight weekend. Drink, gamble, and watch the Hoyas beat North Carolina in OT to advance to the Final Four for the first time since 1985. Win $500 on the game.

Weekend No. 2: Atlanta

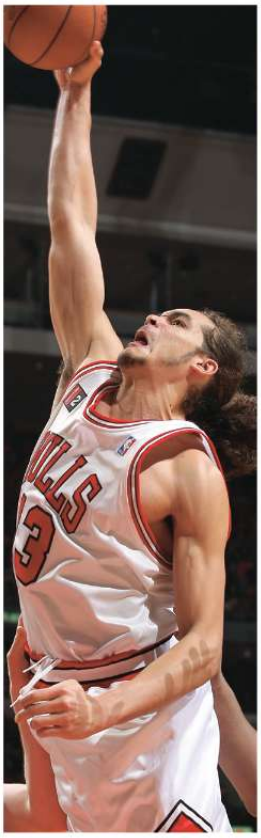
With Hoyas in the Final Four, I fly down with six buddies, score tickets to the Georgia Dome, and watch Georgetown lose to Ohio State, unfortunately. Fortunately, Atlanta is a strip-club capital of the U.S., a fact that provides us a soft landing—several, in fact—after the bruising Hoyas loss.

Weekend No. 3: Augusta

This has nothing to do with March Madness, but what the hell, it was the Spring of Owen. Took in Saturday at the Masters from Amen Corner (the year Zach Johnson won).

• April 2007: Drove my stuff to Virginia and started a new job.

Note that these were three consecutive weekends and I was not working at all during this time. Not a bad way to close one chapter of life and start a new one.



Talismans

Final Four MVPs: Where are they now?

Proposition: Is the Final Four Most Outstanding Player Award akin to college football's Heisman Trophy, whose recent winners have almost all been relegated to post-collegiate mediocrity? We investigate the last five.

Year: 2005
Winner, position, school: Sean May, F, North Carolina
Final Four digits: 24 points, 8.5 rebounds per game.
Currently: Coming off the bench for the NBA's Sacramento Kings, with career averages of 8.5 points and 5 rebounds per game as of press time.

Year: 2006
Winner, pos., school: Joakim Noah, C-F, Florida
Final Four digits: 8.5 rebounds, 5 blocks per game.
Currently: Starting for the Chicago Bulls, with 2009–10 averages of 10.3 ppg and 12.2 rpg as of this writing.

Year: 2007
Winner, pos., school: Corey Brewer, G-F, Florida
Final Four digits: 16 points, 5 rebounds per game; 7 for 13 from 3-point range.
Currently: Battled back from a major knee injury in November 2008 and is starting for the Minnesota Timberwolves, averaging 12.2 ppg and 4 rpg as we go to press.

Year: 2008
Winner, pos., school: Mario Chalmers, G, Kansas
Final Four digits: 14.5 points, 3.5 rebounds, 3.5 steals per game.
Currently: Starting, alongside Dwyane Wade, with the Miami Heat, for career averages of 9.8 points, 4.8 assists, and 1.9 steals per game to date.

Year: 2009
Winner, pos., school: Wayne Ellington, G, North Carolina
Final Four digits: 19.5 points per game; 8 for 10 from 3-point range.
Currently: A substitute for the T-Wolves, averaging 17 minutes and 5 points per game at press time.

Verdict: Not so much. There may not be any superstars in this group, but there are some solid contributors at the professional level. Which is more than you can say for most of the last five—or ten—Heisman winners.

Hookers for Jesus

For years, Annie Lobert lived in Satan's fiery fast lane, making up to $500 an hour turning tricks. Now she's changed teams with her own mission impossible: bringing salvation to prostitutes in the heart of Las Vegas.

By Harmon Leon

The church service is Vegas-style. Purple lights spin in retro seventies circles. Videos. A rock band on the pulpit. Everyone's on their feet and clapping. Starr*—a 19-year-old ex-prostitute with her hands in the air—sings her heart out with the choir. It's a Saturday night and the spiritual joint is packed. Things are going down. It's plain rowdy. Maybe in Sin City there are so many wrong paths to take that more souls need to be saved.

"Are you scared yet?" Annie Lobert whispers.

"No. Why?" I ask.

"You're sitting in church with a row of hookers," she jokes.

Some have arrived late. ("Sex workers are independent and are used to keeping their own schedules.") Others don't show up at all because they're working the street. Leaning over, Annie fills me in on Houston—the gorgeous blonde sitting next to me. "We used to work together," she says. "Our pimps were friends." A red-haired woman dressed in black passes by and says a warm hello. Annie whispers, "She used to be a sex worker, too. Now she has a good job with a hotel."

For the past three years Hookers for Jesus has been a part of the Church at South Las Vegas. Annie tried to launch her ex-prostitute ministry at several other churches, but they weren't the right fit—in fact, some were downright shocked.

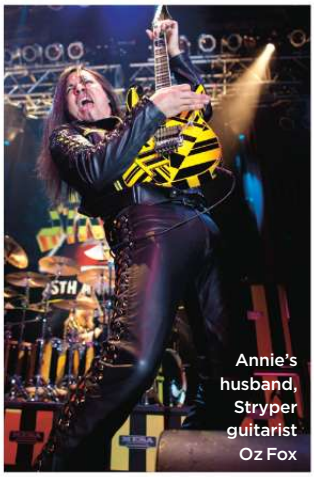
"This church really embraced the ministry," Annie declares as the congregation is engaged in song. "Pastor Benny and his wife, Wendy, have a huge heart for prostitutes."

Raised in Minnesota as a churchgoing Goody Two-shoes, Annie's life changed when she was "turned out" into the sex industry at the age of 18 after a chance encounter with a pimp. ("He was the only person who said he loved me," she says.) For 11 years, Annie worked as a high-priced escort living in Satan's fiery fast lane. She made up to $500 an hour turning tricks, cavorting with celebrities, and hobnobbing with shady drug dealers. A lethal combination of the lifestyle and addiction to every vice known to humanity proved her downfall.

By 2004, Annie was a drug addict living in her car. Her moment of clarity came with a shocking jolt: She overdosed on cocaine and suffered a massive heart attack. As everything turned black, Annie looked again toward Jesus for guidance. ("During the time I was a prostitute I thought God hated me.") As she began turning her life around, she formed Hookers for Jesus to bring salvation to others.

* All names except Annie Lobert, Oz Fox, and Pastor Benny and Wendy Perez have been changed.

"People in my past said I'd be nothing but a hooker for the rest of my life," she says, regarding the name. Her mission is to prove them wrong—about herself and others—by getting prostitutes off the streets and hooked on church. Resurrected as a woman of faith, Annie not only found God, but also Oz Fox—the guitarist from the spandex-clad eighties Christian metal band Stryper. The two were married in June and now happily abide by the biblical injunction of one man, one woman.



Annie's husband, Stryper guitarist Oz Fox

In the Church at South Las Vegas, live sheep (symbolizing those who have gone astray) are now on the pulpit in cages. "The hired hand runs away from the sheep 'cause he's only in it for the money," preaches Pastor Benny Perez—the amiable church leader with an offbeat sense of humor. The sheep proceed to heckle Pastor Benny.

Pintsize Destiny, who is very pregnant with her pimp's baby, listens intently to his words. Roxy—a big-boned woman with angular, penciled-in eyebrows—keeps checking her text messages during the sermon.

"How many people here are involved in the sex

Austin Power house

When the IRS twice seized the Mustang Ranch, the world's most famous bordello, in the 1990s, it was the end of an era ... or was it?

By Craig Modderno

After legendary Mustang Ranch owner Joe Conforte's alleged non-payment of taxes, businessman Lance Gilman and his longtime girlfriend Susan Austin, a former working girl, bought the Mustang Ranch name and the facade that was the backdrop to countless media stories. In 2007, they resurrected the famed Storey County, Nevada, whorehouse—with Conforte's blessing—to immediate success. The Mustang Ranch and the Wild Horse, its sister whorehouse in the gated compound only a few miles past the Ranch's original location outside Reno, are modern, high-tech establishments with an emphasis on satisfying the customer.

Austin is a charming, extremely bright, still sexy, and media-savvy woman with a warm personality—and one of the few female bordello owners in the world. She rides a 1,300-pound Harley-Davidson and conducts business with a mean German shepherd guard dog named Cita by her side. She spoke with *Penthouse* at the Joe Conforte Museum, which is full of interesting displays from the former owner's controversial career, including the Universal DVD *Charley Varrick,* a seventies Walter Matthau crime drama featuring Conforte as himself in his original Old Bridge Ranch house of pleasure. The original site is being restored to a floodplain in a conservation project.

How has the economic downturn affected your business?
Before the recession, we had high rollers spending tens of thousands of dollars each night, often as much as $70,000. Now everyone seems to be tightening their belts. We're getting

industry?" Pastor Benny asks the congregation. All hands in my vicinity go up. He directs his attention toward us: "Annie Lobert, one of the top call girls in the valley—her name in the industry was 'Fallen.' If I can save Annie Lobert I can save anyone!" He challenges the congregation: "Don't clean up first. No, come to Christ and he changes your nature from the inside!"

"Look at Janice wearing those hooker shoes," Annie jokes with churchgoers after the service. I'm only a little uncomfortable as she introduces me: "This is Harmon from *Penthouse*."

Houston looks as if she was inspired by the service. "I used to think, *When I get myself together I'll come*. I didn't want to be a hypocrite. But it was killing me. I had to be whacked-out drunk to work." Houston recalls lap dancing and giving "extras" on the side. "I'd be making $3,000 a weekend—now I'm broke as a joke but I'm happy. And I'm peaceful. Now I just want to find a good guy."

As the spiritually charged begin to thin out into the warm Vegas night, Pastor Benny says, "As far as we know, we're the only church in the valley to have a house for ex-prostitutes. 'Hookers for Jesus'—that would scare a lot of pastors."

True. Some Christian fire-and-brimstoners relish slamming Annie. One website trumpets such comments as: "They don't believe in the Bible about hell, God's wrath, judgment, and repentance, they believe in a false God of their own making to suit themselves. Looks like a hooker, talks like a hooker, walks like a hooker, umm? That is NOT GOOD work, Hookers for Jesus."

"They're weirdos who bash other Christians," Annie says. "They say we're false prophets."

But that doesn't faze her because, as she explains, "they don't believe in Jesus in his true form, which is nonjudgmental, loving, and full of grace."

Before we depart, Pastor Benny summarizes his mission: "If you can do it for those four girls, you can do it for another four. Our church can spark other churches to open up a home—little by little we're seeing girls' lives change." He stresses, "It's not like *Pretty Woman*."

A short time later, we pull up to a "safe house" run by the church, located in a quiet, nondescript suburban neighborhood. It's home to three ex-prostitutes and their kids—two women who've had their pimps' babies, and a third who is going through rehab.

"When a girl leaves a pimp she loses everything," Annie explains. She believes prostitution is the same as human sex trafficking because of the pimp's powerful role. Sonja, who has two toddlers to support, went from a hooker's in-

"If a girl's with a client you don't want to wreck her game. She'll just get pissed off and say, 'Why are you trying to mess up my money?' "

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PREVIOUS PAGE) JACK CAREY/ALAMY; (OZ FOX) PAUL HEBERT/ICON SMI/CORBIS; (LEGS) FSTOP/ALAMY; (ANNIE) ALFREDO ANDREANIA; MAKEUP BY SAMANTHA RIVAS

more customers than before; they're just spending less money. Men still come in, for instance, after they get their unemployment checks.

What's surprised me the most about the recession is the queries I'm getting from women wanting to work here. They're a different class of women, and they tell me they would never have considered this profession if not for these hard times. I'm getting 40 applicants a day now, because families are in dire straits and women need to earn money. They don't have the skills to suddenly learn new jobs, and jobs are nonexistent. A few years ago, I'd get 40 applicants every two weeks. When these women come here, they're surprised by how nice the men are, how many pay just for a session of cuddling, and that I run the houses like you would [run] any business that caters to a high-class clientele.

I keep statistics on everything we do, which is how I saw the early signs of the recession affecting our customers. I know how many customers come through the gate, how many gentlemen come in a cab, how many come because of our billboards or the internet. We ask questions and study everything. We thought we were recession-proof, but like every other business, we've tightened our belts.

What happens when a woman applies to work for you?

Women usually contact me on the internet or they phone in. I instantly reply and ask for photos. I won't do anything without a photo. I must see what the woman looks like because she has to work in the mix, if you know what I mean. I need a little bit of everything to make a rounded lineup. They don't all need to be Barbie dolls. That's not what men want. Then I chat with them to see if their personality would fit in. If I feel like they could possibly make it, I bring them in. We

come to minimum wage working at a coffee shop. Since these girls are coming out of intense situations, Annie wanted to create a safe community for them to go to for counseling and to find support once they escape the industry.

"She's been there with all that. She's one who can reach girls on the street," Stryper hubby Oz Fox comments. He explains his role: "Annie and I are role models of what true love should be like, because all the girls have ever known are pimps."

Inside the comfortable duplex are scattered baby toys, finger paintings hung on the refrigerator, and playful little kids. Sonja's daughter has a really bad cough. Everyone stands around eating pizza. "You'll be there in the delivery room, right?" Destiny asks with childlike innocence while holding her bulging belly. Annie assures her she will.

While we're on tonight's outreach, Starr is going to babysit. She and Annie were recently on the "Sixteen and Stripping" episode of *The Tyra Banks Show,* explaining, "In some states you can be a stripper at 16 just as long as you are home by 11 P.M." They took sides against a cocky 18-year-old stripper who told Tyra she enjoyed the lifestyle. "I do a lot better on a pole than in school," the girl said.

On casino outreaches Annie likes to dress stylishly. She doesn't want to put off girls by looking like a frumpy church lady. "It makes me realistic to the girls," Annie says. "It's who I am." Making it an extra-special outreach night, today is also Annie's 42nd birthday. "I want to spend my birthday giving back to the girls," she says. "Jesus gave his time, and I want to do the same." In the driveway, Annie opens the trunk of her black car. Inside are dozens of decorated gift bags they'll hand out to the working girls in the casinos—colorful and neatly wrapped, filled with such niceties as lip moisturizer, vanilla body spray, lotion, a scented candle, perfumes, an invitation to church, and, of course, a Bible.

"Girlie stuff," Annie says. "It's everything they need so they can later take a bath and read the Bible!"

Before leaving, Starr leads a prayer for the girls by the kitchen table. As we pull out of the quiet suburban neighborhood, the women fall back into their tough-talking, street-smart personas.

"What are the girls up to?" Roxy asks, eyeing a prostitute working the quiet Henderson main road.

"This is the new track," Annie explains. "Remember, we saw some hookers here the other night."

There's talk of going to a truck stop overrun by underage hookers. It's vetoed due to pimps possessive of their commodities.

Roxy mentions a recent encounter with a 21-year-old pimp who ended up harassing them for more than an hour. "He was like, 'What's you all doing? What's up? What's up? You know what time it is? It's pimp time!' "

That episode ended peacefully, maybe because of the pimp's choice of drug: "We could tell he was rolling off ecstasy—his eyes were black." Still, "It's really not advisable to get mouthy to a pimp," Roxy says. "They can pull out a gun or knife or throw you down to the floor."

I fall silent. The flashing casino lights are nearing. HOT BABES CALL 24 HOURS. DIRECT TO YOU! reads the billboard pulled by a truck down Las Vegas Boulevard. The women talk about shoes—"What kind of heels are you wearing?"—and the money they once made inside these casinos.

"I've been eighty-sixed from every hotel on the

"A man can't run a brothel because the women are going to be working him all the time. If you haven't lain on your back and sold it, you can't tell these women what to do."

have a nice long talk, then I have them see the doctor. They clear in 24 hours. Then I put them out on the floor with the guidelines and a big sister to ease them into the business, and they can always come to me for help. They have 14 days to see if the house is going to work for them. Anytime during that tryout period, it's basically "no harm, no foul" if they leave or I ask them to leave. The applications have increased so much that I now have two women in each house to do what I did.

Where do the women generally fail?

If their personality isn't care-giving, that doesn't work for me. If they're in it just to make a quick buck and don't care about the customers, they can go work somewhere else.

Can they mentally and emotionally handle this business? Not every woman has that little spark you need to welcome every man who comes through the door, the ability to make every man think he's Brad Pitt.

You can't do a job professionally

Strip," Annie proclaims. She recalls being kicked out by security in front of the Wizard of Oz shop while drunk and high on coke—breaking down at the sight of her favorite childhood movie.

"If security catches us, we'll get kicked out for soliciting our gifts," Annie says inside one casino's parking garage. We unload gift bags into an inconspicuous sack as she plans our strategy: "We won't stay in one place very long."

Large, round-bellied tourists pull at levers like Pavlovian zombies questing biscuits of clanking gratification. Leering drunk men stare as we pass. "We got you, Harmon—you're with three Hookers for Jesus!" Annie playfully declares as we troll the slot-machine area.

Roxy eyes the casino crowd for possible targets. "Lately, everyone looks like they're ho-ing," she says about the fashion sense of the typical Vegas reveler.

"Is that one?" I ask, pointing to a casino worker dressed as a showgirl.

Annie mentions that 90 percent of prostitutes are undercover escorts who bypass the casinos and instead go directly to the hotel rooms. "Some nights we'll see 40 girls. Some nights we'll see only three," she says.

"Have you ever approached the wrong person?" I ask, passing a flow of trashy tourists who my untrained eye would peg as prostitutes.

"Usually we're dead-on," Annie says, "but these outreaches are unpredictable. Sometimes the girls are very responsive. Sometimes nothing." She gives me an example of a "nonresponsive" response: " 'F you, you f-ing bitch. I'm not working.' That for sure means they *are* working. Some girls don't want to admit it. It hurts their egos." Example: "I'm not a hooker!" Annie

if you're enhanced chemically or an alcoholic. Would you want your banker drunk off his ass every day? Your stockbroker high on coke? They're not going to make the best decisions for you.

Are all your working girls independent contractors?
Yes. When they walk in my door, they're running a business within a business. In order to be effective and successful, they must have all their wits about them and know what they're doing. I need a lady in the parlor and a sex kitten in the bedroom.

Besides sex, what are they selling?
Fantasy, imagination, and a willingness to do any sex act no matter how kinky—something sexual that the customer's spouse or girlfriend won't even consider. People who have long, successful marriages can relate to my answer.

When someone works at the ranch, what bad habits do you make sure they avoid?
It's really easy for a woman to get bored and start drinking while waiting for customers to appear. We have pep rallies, throw parties with different organizations, talk to the girls regularly, and do whatever's necessary to keep them from being bored. They must constantly be of the mind-set that the next gentleman who comes through the door is going to have the adventure of his life.

What was your philosophy as a working girl?
I once had a gentleman who was a gardener during the day and a dishwasher at night. Every payday, he would come see me and spend $100. That man worked so hard for his money so he could spend it with me that I gave him an excellent party every time. It wasn't about how much money they spent when I was working, but how loyal they were to me and how specially I could treat them.

Ever have any problems with a pimp or a jealous husband?
I give girls with a pimp a choice. I have a safe compound with lots of security people, so if they need a protective environment, that's what I offer. Pimps are predators. They're not kind or loving human beings. They're in it for the money. And they'll do anything they can to manipulate their women. We sometimes encounter jealous husbands or ex-boyfriends who become stalkers, but they rarely get past my security team. But if a woman can't break off her self-destructive relationship after we try to help her, she's asked to leave.

How do new customers generally react when they come in?
They're like deer caught in headlights. We don't do mandatory lineups or make them choose a girl

states that *definitely* means she is a hooker.

Sonja announces she's found a possible target.

"Which girl are you talking about?"

She indicates a curly-haired woman wearing a short, tight, pink dress sitting at a slot machine and raising her eyebrows every time a man passes. She looks beat.

"How can you be sure?" I ask.

"She's waiting on her own with a sense of purpose," Annie explains.

Yes, the Cinderella pump fits the foot. Without hesitation Annie approaches. Friendly conversation ensues. More conversation. Smiles. A gift bag is handed over. Moments later, the hooker disappears into the melee of drunken tourists, roulette wheels, and the world of tricks and johns.

"I just told her God loves her," Annie tells me. "And that's good news. And he really does. And if God loves her, then she doesn't have to do this."

"Do you think she'll come to church?"

"I think so. She looked worn out."

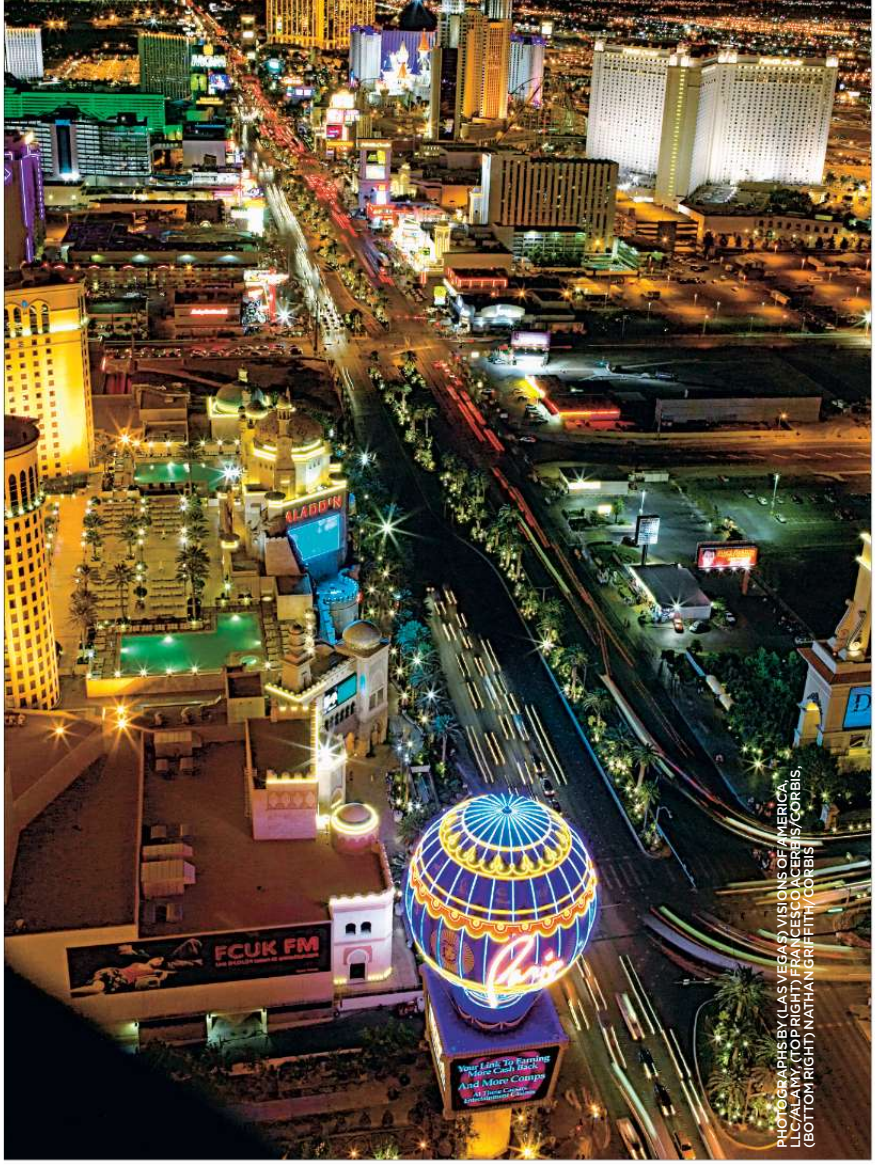
A drunken bachelorette party passes. One woman sports a paper hat with the word WHORE blazed in marker with an arrow pointing down. Another hat proclaims I SWALLOW.

Annie is suddenly recognized by a clean-cut guy handing out promotional cards for a bar.

"Oh, my God, you're the Hookers for Jesus girl!" he exclaims. "My wife was in jail and you guys gave her one of your cards. You said you'd pray for her."

A prostitute who looks like an R. Crumb cartoon walks by and gets the reaction, "That's old school. She has it all hanging out. She's 1999."

"Look at her, she's totally working it," Annie says, pointing out a young hooker sitting by the beer-



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LAS VEGAS) VISIONS OF AMERICA, LLC/ALAMY, (TOP RIGHT) FRANCESCO ACERBIS/CORBIS, (BOTTOM RIGHT) NATHAN GRIFFITH/CORBIS

after they have two drinks. That's old-school. The men are generally scared to death. Our initial job is to make them feel like they've just met their new best friend.

What can a madam do differently from a man who runs a bordello?
[*Laughs*] You poor men. Face it: What do the women do for a living? They work men. A man can't run a brothel because the women are going to be working him all the time. He's not going to know which end is up. If you haven't lain on your back and sold it for cash or credit, then you can't tell these women what to do. They won't have any respect for you. You have to have walked in their hooker pumps, done the dick checks, cleaned up after a man who's gotten sick in your room. Then you'll know the tricks these girls play, like hiding money that rightfully goes to the house. I know when a girl's cheating me. They can't slip that past me.

What unusual sexual requests do customers have?
Mostly cross-dressing and domination. The most popular request is being dressed as a baby with diapers.

What sex act do women always need to improve?
[*Laughs*] Working girls or regular women? Women outside brothels need to focus more on blowjobs for their men. There's an old joke: The minute they say "I do," they don't. And women have a tendency to close up shop during menopause. What they don't understand is that they can still have sex and enjoy it. Men need sex until they die ... and, I suspect, for a long time after that.

Prostitution is legal on a county-by-county basis in Nevada and nowhere else in the nation. Why here?
People in this state consider themselves cowboys. They consider Nevada the last of the Wild West. They're not going to do what everyone else does, and they're not going to be told what to do. Legalizing prostitution takes the predator out of the equation. The pedophile who would have hung out at a schoolyard now comes to a brothel and picks a girl who's really 18 or older but looks like she's 12. You've taken the sex predators away from their hangouts, eliminated the pimps, given the legal working girls taxable wages. And the state makes money from the licensing fees—I pay almost $90,000 yearly. Condoms are mandatory at all brothels, and the girls are checked each week by a doctor. It's an economic win-win for Nevada, but I don't think Southern or Midwestern states will ever make it legal because they consider it a moral issue.

I've read that you were sexually abused as a child.
My parents divorced when I was five. My stepfather was a pedophile,

pong tables with two guys—laughing uproariously at everything they say. "She's green, too. Look how she's acting."

Another creature in his natural habitat: "There's a pimp right there!" Annie exclaims. The shark circles the trick pool with a jacket over his shoulder. Mere moments later, another spotting: "Roxy said that's a pimp she knows named Marvin." Annie gestures to a black guy in a white suit and Kangol hat who casually chats to one of his ho's. It's beginning to feel like something out of the Book of Revelations. Nearby, more ho-spotting. A hooker flirts with an excited Asian guy on a bar stool. "She's working it. She's working that guy."

"Are you going to move in with a gift bag?"

"If a girl is with a client you don't want to wreck her game. She'll just get pissed off and say, 'Why are you trying to mess up my money?' "

"You don't want to wreck what she's doing," Roxy adds. "Maybe she's got a quota."

A stunning blonde in a short, tight, purple dress with reddish-brown streaks in her hair struts toward the bar. I can firmly say she's got all the classic hooker traits. Annie immediately engages her. They connect. They laugh. Hair tips seem to be traded. After a few minutes Annie brings her over. "She's a police officer in Sweden!"

"I'm here for the body-building convention!" the woman says, still laughing. "In Sweden we arrest the johns to crack down on the demand," she explains.

After the hooker cop leaves, Annie tells me the Swede had whispered to her: "Come and party with me tonight. I'll make you smile!"

Though it seems pretty ho-packed to me, by one in the morning Sonja thinks we might as well leave. "It's a slow night," she says. As we go, Roxy points out a stocky undercover vice cop alone at the bar, nursing a drink. "They always look a little too clean-cut," she says. "Or they try to look touristy but *not* touristy."

Apparently he's done his work. Outside, the Metro Police—sporting bright yellow jackets—have detained two very young prostitutes. They stand with their arms folded looking both pissed off and like they're about to burst into little-girl tears.

"Why did they stop these two when the whole Strip is swarming with prostitutes?" I ask.

"They just rolled someone maybe?" Annie hypothesizes. "Or, possibly, security sees them every night for two weeks coming and going, riding up and down the elevator all night. They're just harassing them."

With a glint in her eye, Annie remembers her first outreaches. "When I used to do this by myself, it was crazy because I had no one to protect me." She looks toward the young prostitutes, perhaps seeing a younger incarnation of herself. "I just wanted to save them."

Roxy eyes the casino crowd for working girls to approach. "Lately, everyone looks like they're ho-ing," she says about the fashion sense of the typical Vegas reveler.

and I was the object of his focus. My mother, who proclaimed herself a survivor, chose to ignore my stepfather's advances to me because she believed I was strong enough to handle it at age five.

I left home when I was 16 after he beat the crap out of me. I called 911 and two policemen appeared. At the time—1966—there were no child-protection laws. The cops said my bruises would heal before I'd get my day in court. The policemen knew they couldn't help me legally, but they set me up with a loving family, and then another. I made the circuit of an underground railroad that helped young women who were victimized.

My stepfather, who I tracked down through my half-sister, divorced my mother and later married a Chinese girl who would always look 12. They ran a restaurant in Anchorage, Alaska. When I went there and asked to see him, an extremely old, stoop-shouldered man shuffled into the room, and I could tell he was paying the price for what he had done to me. His wife was running him ragged, and his karma had got to him. I expected to be angry, but without that hell he put me through, I wouldn't have survived to be the strong, independent woman I am today. Upon leaving that crumpled, broken man, I felt the most liberated I've ever been in my life, other than when I gave birth to my four children. [*Pauses and smiles wistfully.*] So you see why I don't tolerate drama in my brothels. I've had enough in my real life.

BIG LEAGUE

Internet funnyman Jon Lajoie has graduated from viral-video phenomenon to working television actor and comic.

By Peter Schrager

How many would-be funnymen on YouTube have actually made the leap from viral-video kingpin to legit-showbiz comedian? That list probably begins and ends with 29-year-old Canadian Jon Lajoie. You may have seen his videos for such tunes as "Everyday Normal Guy," "High as Fuck," and our personal favorite, the "2 Girls 1 Cup Song." He's also produced clever commercial parodies, such as "Rapist Glasses," "Pedophile Beards," and "Breathing Commercial." ("Are you feeling tired and weak? Do you feel light-headed? It may be because you're not ... breathing.") His clips have racked up tens of millions of views, and Lajoie has parlayed the momentum into a career in stand-up and a role on FX's critically acclaimed comedy *The League*. Not bad for a guy who was starring as a bartender in a French-Canadian soap opera a few years ago.

Lajoie took a break from watching his beloved Montreal Canadiens, worshiping Nickelback, and prepping for his Comedy Central special, which airs in March, to talk to *Penthouse*.

The League is about a bunch of guys and their fantasy football league. You're Canadian. Do they even have fantasy football in Canada?
I didn't realize the Canadian Football League wasn't the NFL until like last week. Growing up, I was the only one of my brothers who wasn't into sports [Lajoie grew up in a family of nine]. It's pretty cliché, but we had one of those ice-hockey rinks in our backyard.

Like the kid in _The Mighty Ducks_?
Exactly. And Emilio Estevez—I believe his name was Gordon Bombay in *Mighty Ducks*? My brothers looked up to Wayne Gretzky. I looked up to Emilio Estevez. Emilio Estevez was my fucking hero.

You pretty much steal the first episode of _The League_ by singing—at the birthday party of a five-year-old girl—"Birthday Song," a detailed account of the girl's actual conception. What was it like singing those lyrics in front of kindergartners?
That was really fun—and awkward. The child actors were just old enough to know something wasn't right about the lyric "your father's wee-wee was hard as a rock," so the directors had me lip-synch those words when we were doing the actual filming. The kids were bugged out. Completely confused. They were probably more psychologically damaged by me interrupting the song and randomly lip-synching than by any lyrics about two adults making love.

You're a single guy. Has being on a popular American TV show improved your social life?
My comedy is for a male demographic, so there aren't exactly girls coming up to me on the street and throwing themselves at me. I need to be in one of those vampire movies. I need to be in the next *Twilight*. Vampires get a ton of ass.

You started out on a French-Canadian soap called _L'Auberge du Chien Noir [The Inn of the Black Dog]_. Was that more _Days of Our Lives_ or _One Tree Hill_?
You've gotta realize that in Montreal, if you land an acting job, you take that fucking acting job, regardless. This was the kind of show you wouldn't want your friends to ever watch. Your friends' mothers? Fine. Your friends? No way.

What does the phrase "YouTube sensation" mean to you?
It means that when people aren't watching porn, they're watching you. I'm cool with that. When you make videos the way I do, you have complete and total control. You also get feedback directly from your fans. My fans are the best. They tell me I'm gay or say I'm a fag all the time.

You've been compared to "Weird Al" Yankovic. Is that a compliment?
Hey, I'm not going to shit on Weird Al. I grew up in a Christian home and wasn't allowed to have any CDs with "Parental Advisory" stickers on them. Someone at school gave me this dubbed cassette tape and said it was

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF FX

Nirvana's "Smells Like Teen Spirit." I put it on and loved it. I played it all the time, learned all the words. About two weeks later, someone put on the real "Smells Like Teen Spirit" at a party, and I was confused. Where were the cow noises? Who was this new guy singing? Where were the accordions? It turns out I'd been listening to Weird Al's "Smells Like Nirvana" all along. Hey, it was a damn good song. You want to compare me to Weird Al? That's fine with me.

What is the greatest Canadian export to the U.S. in the past 20 years?
That's a three-way tie between the Kids in the Hall, the Trailer Park Boys, and Cirque du Soleil. Have you seen Cirque du Soleil? It's pretty incredible. Oh, and Nickelback. You can't forget Nickelback.

You've got a popular TV show, millions of fans online, and a Comedy Central special coming up. What's next?
I'm currently writing a musical, and we're pretty close to getting a deal done. A musical's always been my ultimate goal. We've got eight songs done already. Think *South Park: Bigger, Longer & Uncut* meets *Forrest Gump*. It's dirty, nasty—really filthy. Pretty much on par with the rest of my stuff.

The "2 Girls 1 Cup Song" is my favorite of your songs.
Seeing that clip for the first time was a significant moment in my life. I think everyone knows exactly where they were when they first saw it. It shows that there are different ways to express love. Sometimes a simple kiss doesn't communicate love as well as taking a shit in someone's mouth and having that person vomit that semidigested shit back into your mouth, only for you to spit it back out onto that person.

Did Weird Al ever sing about that?
I'm fairly certain that was the B-side to "Amish Paradise."

Hold on Tight, Cowboys

Our city-slicker author and four of his pals journeyed to the Canadian Wild West for the legendary Calgary Stampede, and got more than they bargained for.

By Jonah Keri

On a perfect July afternoon for rodeo, the Calgary Stampede's announcer takes advantage of a break in the action to address the crowd: "Raise your hands out there if you're a family member of one of our athletes." Hands shoot up all over the arena. "Well, that's great. It's great to see all these wives and families. We try not to point out the girlfriends, because when you're a cowboy, they change every week!"

To five city slickers in town for the Stampede, this was music to our ears—and during the next five days, we were bound and determined to find out if this sentiment captured the true spirit of the event.

■ NASHVILLE NORTH

There are plenty of places to go if you want shenanigans. Mardi Gras isn't lacking for drunken insanity; Vegas trucks in tens of thousands of party people a week; and Ibiza, the Greek islands, and the Caribbean offer plenty of fun in the sun. The Calgary Stampede isn't likely to give you a savage tan, but it combines the revelry of all those places with one of the most prestigious sporting events of the year; it's the crown jewel of the professional rodeo circuit. The Stampede is equal parts carnival, arts festival, party, and rodeo.

The event doesn't have an official theme song, but Big & Rich's "Save a Horse (Ride a Cowboy)" is clearly the unofficial tune: The song follows you everywhere as you wade through the fairground's sea of blondes dressed like it's Halloween and the only acceptable costume is Slutty Cowgirl. Hats are de rigueur, along with Daisy Dukes or short skirts, shirts tied at the navel, and one or more cocktails in hand. These walking Penthouse photo shoots are all pointed in the same direction: Nashville North.

Nashville North is, to borrow a phrase from South Park, the world's biggest drunken barn dance. Here's a diary of what went down there when our crew of five urbanites made the scene:

5:31 P.M.: We're in line outside the entrance. Two smoking hot girls sashay into the line, quickly

followed by an older lady—their mom. Yikes. Mom—mid-fifties, dowdy clothes, spiky gray hair—throws a long look at our man Rob. You can see why women of all ages would notice him: Rob's wearing a giant black Stetson on his head, a sheriff's badge pinned to his chest, and a yellow lasso on his hip. Anywhere else, he'd look like a crazy person, or a Village People reject. Here, he's only 20 percent more peacocked than anyone else.

"Do you need a date to get in?" Mom asks coyly.

"No!" says Rob, a little too quickly.

Mom climbs over the barrier and cozies up next to him anyway, sensing, and happily increasing, his discomfort. We try not to crack up. Mom loves it.

5:49 P.M.: We make it to the bar, only to discover the drink choices are as follows: (a) lousy beer (b) mango kiwi hard lemonade. No, really. For a laugh, two of us order the lemonade. "These things have no alcohol at all," Rob says, chugging one down and ordering another.

6:38 P.M.: Each of us has three or four drinks in him, and the joint is jumping. A blonde and a brunette, each wearing leather miniskirts, cowboy hats, and huge smiles, attack our boys Craig and Jesse. Craig is single and couldn't be happier about this development. Jesse has a new girlfriend and appears to be contemplating a Nashville North corollary to "What happens in Vegas ...."

7:14 P.M. : Being the humanitarian that he is, Jesse approached an Australian hottie earlier in the day and invited her and her friends to Nashville North, on behalf of the single guys. Aussie shows up now, wearing a cowgirl outfit that's illegal in 32 states and six provinces. Her blonde Canuck friend is even hotter. Aussie latches on to Jesse, and now his "problem" has doubled. Good thing his hometown girlfriend will never read this.

8:07 P.M. : Rob launches a text message from an undisclosed location amid the throngs at Nashville North: *"Do u realize that men are in control here? ive bo'd* [brushed off] *15 girls so far"*

8:21 P.M.: Rob again: "*this is the most smashed I've been in 17 yrs*"

8:25 P.M.: And ... once more, with feeling: "*I've had 9 ridiculkous drinks I can't walk strt*"

Girl Drinks 1, Rob 0.

8:48 P.M.: Two Calgary girls grab Jesse and me. They are blonde, half-naked, plastered, and highly aggressive. It's an out-and-out layup. But I will have to pass—recently married.

8:54 P.M.: Six thousand people, in unison: "SAVE A HORSE, RIDE A COWBOOOY!!!"

8:59 P.M.: Jesse decides prudence is the better part of valor, and when the blondes turn their backs momentarily, he gives me the high sign. We head for the door, and back out into the fairgrounds.

When the final tally comes in, both Craig and Pete have hooked up, with Pete's success resulting in expensive losses for all of us (we had 5–1 odds against him getting even minor action), and proving that at Stampede, you have to make an effort *not* to get laid.

■ RODEO DAYS

Of course, it's not all debauchery at this event; there's also a down-home, family-friendly vibe

and—oh, right—a ten-day competition among the best rodeo competitors in the world, who, despite their status as elite athletes, are eminently approachable. Compared to their counterparts in the NFL or NBA, it's almost comical. Even for a credentialed journalist, approaching an elite mainstream sports star for a few minutes of his time can be a futile exercise. There's an entourage to circumvent, series of channels to go through, layers upon layers of buffer between you and Mr. (or Ms.) Big Shot. For the average fan, well, fuggedaboutit.

That's certainly not the case with 28-year-old bull-riding star Tyler Thomson. His entourage is not nearly as elaborate, consisting as it does of a handful of fellow cowboys, seven-year-old sons of cowboys (who *do* look pretty tough, actually), and the breeder of the bull that Thomson will try to stay on top of later. Approach Thomson for a few questions and he launches up off his chair, stands at attention, and looks you in the eye. He's a third-generation rodeo competitor who's been a bull rider for half his life, and a professional for eight years.

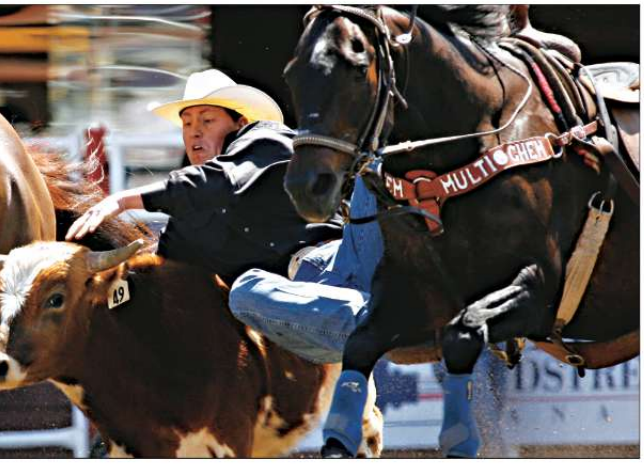
"When you first start out, everything's intimidating," he says. "Any time you're in Calgary or Edmonton or the [PBR] World Finals, in front of this many people, there's jitters and you're definitely a little more nervous. But it's part of the job. You calm your nerves, and once you get in that chute you gotta just take it like another bull and off you go."

This aw-shucks approach is incongruous with the pedigree: Thomson is the reigning Canadian bull-riding champion, one of the top riders in the world. His down-to-earth demeanor makes talking to him like talking to the Bizarro Kobe Bryant.

Later that day Thomson will face the baddest bull

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PREVIOUS SPREAD) GREG BLOMBERG/ALAMY

General Mayhem: David Petraeus, Commander of U.S. Central Command, watches Canada's General Walter Natynczyk, ride a torpedo at the Stampede.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) GEORGE ROSE/GETTY IMAGES, AP PHOTO/THE CANADIAN PRESS/JEFF MCINTOSH (2)

in all of Stampede, Swervyn Mervyn, an immense, powerful, black-and-white beast. A bull ride is one of the most exciting eight seconds in sports—that interval being the required time for a rider to stay on top of a bull. If he is bucked before then, he's disqualified. Riders are scored on style and degree of difficulty of the animal they're riding. Thomson holds on to Mervyn and scores reasonably well—well enough to advance to the final ten. But in that round, riding an animal named Carbon Copy, he's bucked off and doesn't make it to the final four, the so-called Showdown Round. J. B. Mauney of North Carolina wins the title and the $100,000 in prize money that goes with it.

■ CHUCK WAGONS AND PIG RACES!

Something old, something new: The Chuck Wagon races have been a part of Stampede since the beginning, and are an iconic element of the event. The pig races were added this year, but one can only hope they become a permanent addition: Pigs are funneled into a chute to dart around a wooden track, and you can gamble on them. What's not to like? For the Chuck Wagon races, hordes of gawkers line the rail waiting for each heat, four wagons at a time, with four horses per wagon. It's the most controversial event at Stampede, because the horses must navigate a series of obstacles—at top speed, while dodging all the other horses—before exiting the main enclosure and racing around the track. Three horses died at this year's Chuck Wagon races, either from being euthanized following a broken leg or from cardiac arrest.

But like auto racing, bullfighting, and other dangerous events, the Chuck Wagon races draw a loyal crowd that *oohs* and *aahs* at every turn. They also make for great announcing ("He's got the speed you need for the lead," blared PA man Les McIntyre during one opening-night race) and quality viewing. Revved up after a few beers and some close calls at the Chucks, many of the choicest fillies filter their way over to Nashville North, and the cycle of partying begins again.

■ SEND IN THE CLOWN

With all its disparate goings-on, Stampede is, above all, a giant spectacle. No one understands that better than Flint Rasmussen, a professional rodeo clown, who travels across North America with the Professional Bull Riders circuit. He's not one of those bull-interceptor clowns—Rasmussen's role is to crack jokes and keep the crowd's energy up during breaks in the action. Sometimes that means Irish step-dancing to "Cotton-Eyed Joe," or doing the worm to vintage Michael Jackson, or donning a bull suit and "bucking" around on the arena floor. Whatever it takes. The 41-year-old former track, football, and basketball star from Montana possesses unflagging energy.

> It's not all debauchery; there's also a down-home, family-friendly vibe and—oh, right—a ten-day world-class rodeo competition.

"Most of the people out here have never really seen rodeo," Rasmussen says, and we take him seriously, even though he's wearing full clown makeup and limbering up before making his big entrance. "We have to reintroduce ourselves all the time—every day is a new adventure. But this is big. The top cowboys are here. I hope people who haven't been to rodeo understand ... this is very good. This isn't just some rodeo out in the field somewhere. This is kind of *it*."

To be sure, this is not lost on many of the folks at Stampede, judging by the roar in the arena after a great bull or saddle bronc ride. They know what they're seeing. They know that they're at the Greatest Outdoor Show on Earth.

bathing beauty

Jelena Jensen's fans will be as ecstatic as we are to welcome back the busty, lusty brunette as our Pet of the Month, but not as excited as Jelena was: "I was thrilled! And Emma always takes amazing photos. Shooting in the bathtub was my favorite part. It was not only supersexy, but I loved the contrast of my skin and hair against the stark whiteness of the bathroom." We're sure Jelena's centerfold will be a welcome addition to countless bathrooms around the world.

Photographs by Emma Nixon

"I love to vacation anywhere tropical and sunny. Vacation is all about kicking back and relaxing. And maybe one of these days I'll live out my fantasy and join the Mile-High Club."

"The most exciting place I've ever made love was in front of the window of my hotel room 24 stories up while a huge fireworks display was going on right in front of us!"

"I don't worry about a three-date rule, or when it's the right time to have sex when I'm dating someone new. I sleep with a guy first to see if I want to date him!"

THE BIG RIP

JELENA JENSEN
MARCH 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

JELENA JENSEN
MARCH 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

JELENA JENSEN
MARCH 2010 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

Vital stats:
28 years old
5'10"; 34F-27-36

Hometown:
Los Angeles.

Your dream travel experience:
A polar-bear excursion in Canada during their annual migration.

Your ideal date:
Sushi, a movie, and rough, dirty sex!

Favorite music:
Rock—sixties garage, seventies old-school punk, nineties alternative.

Favorite TV shows:
CSI, Dexter, True Blood, Family Guy.

Favorite movies:
Donnie Darko, Run Lola Run, Tommy Boy.

What do you like to do in your spare time?
Hang out with my 150-pound mastiff, snowboard, do hot yoga, and travel.

Would you have sex with a stranger?
Been there, done that.

Your proudest moment:
Graduating magna cum laude from Chapman University.

What do you have that other girls don't?
Big ol' natural titties and a booty to go with them!

Jelena Jensen

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CALLERS MUST BE 18 OR OLDER
COST: $1.99 TO $2.99/MINUTE

"The biggest risk I've ever taken in life is doing guy/girl hard-core porn, but that almost makes sense. I think the most daring thing I've ever done is have sex at a holiday party in front of 20 or so people."

April 2010
PENTHOUSE
Pet of the Month
Nikki Benz

On newsstands
March 16th, 2010

Howard TV Update

Our friends at Howard TV came up with a hot end-of-'09 special featuring some of their favorite Pets and Penthouse *models.*

Wild and Sexy Porn Stars, which was hosted by adult star Gina Lynn, kicked off with January 2004 Pet Jenna Jameson breaking in Howard's then-new Sirius studio—and the Sybian—as the first porn star to appear on both. The special peaked several times before the climax: 2004 Pet of the Year Victoria "Dr. Z" Zdrok's blowjob demonstration. One highlight was Pets Charlie Laine, Renee Diaz, and Andie Valentino competing in the 2008 World's Strongest Naked Woman contest. The girls did pull-ups, push-ups, and arm wrestled. As the winner of the friendly competition, Andie got the first Sybian ride. Then she and Charlie helped Renee get off by slapping her tits. When Charlie's turn came, she made the other girls give her a hand, too. There's no denying that our Pets know how to deliver scorching-hot entertainment, and Howard always seems to bring out the best in them.

Bree Olson

Taylor Vixen

PENTHOUSE PORN ON PAY-PER-VIEW

Starting March 11, check out a sizzling new Pay-Per-View cable event featuring 2010 Pet of the Year Taylor Vixen. *Penthouse: Horny MILFs & Hot Babysitters* has four steamy soft-core scenes: Taylor with Diana Doll (far left), 2010 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Veronica Ricci with Darryl Hanah (left), February 2006 Pet Charlie Laine with Persia Pele, and July 2005 Pet Celeste Star (below) with India Summer (middle). What more do you need to know?

By Jennifer Peters

WILD AND SEXY PORN STARS HIGHLIGHTS

- Sunny Leone, our 2003 Pet of the Year, gets hands-on with alt-porn queen Joanna Angel's tits.
- The 2008 World's Strongest Naked Woman competition, with Pets Charlie Laine (February 2006), Renee Diaz (November 2005), and Andie Valentino (May 2007).
- June 2005 Pet of the Month Valentina Vaughn gets spanked by the Robospanker.
- 2007 Pet of the Year Heather Vandeven and 2008 Runner-Up Justine Joli ride the Sybian together.
- Other Sybian riders: January 2004 Pet Jenna Jameson; March 2008 Pet Bree Olson—twice; May 2006 Pet Nevaeh; February 2000 Pet Tera Patrick; and August 2008 Pet Jessica Jaymes.

Andie Valentino

Sunny Leone and Joanna Angel

Convention Cuties

Porn fans are some of the most loyal we know, and no one inspires more loyalty and dedication than the Penthouse Pets. When September 2008 Pet Kayden Kross (left, on right) and October 2004 Pet Prinzzess (on left) turned up at Las Vegas Adultcon—a XXX convention that brings together porn stars and their fans—*Penthouse* readers and porn viewers eagerly lined up to meet the sexy starlets. "I've done Adultcon in L.A. a number of times, but this was my first time at the Adultcon in Vegas," Kayden tells us. "People brought all kinds of things to sign. Mostly they had photos and DVD cases, but I was even asked to sign shoelaces. That was hard."

What the Pets really love about Adultcon and other live appearances is meeting their fans. Some of Prinzzess's admirers were lucky enough to have the lovely Pet take photos with them so she could post them on her Twitter account. "I love meeting the fans," she says, "and so many of them follow me on Twitter. Whenever a fan comes up and tells me he's one of my followers, I take a picture and post it. That way they have a chance to be part of my Twitter feed."

"My personal favorite is when members of my site come to meet me in person," Kayden says. "We've usually talked for months via email or on my message boards, and it's nice to finally be able to put a face with the name."

Pets in the Flesh(bot)

New York City got downright steamy when some of the biggest names in adult entertainment came to town for the first annual Fleshbot Awards.

Fleshbot took over the exclusive burlesque club the Box to honor the sexiest people and products in pop culture. The highlight of the evening was Sasha Grey (far right) winning the award for Porn to Mainstream Crossover. The honor was no surprise, considering the petite Pet's turn in Steven Soderbergh's *The Girlfriend Experience,* and the crowd went wild. Sasha, who couldn't make it to New York, accepted via video. "This really means a lot to me," she said. "Hopefully opportunities like this will continue to break down the negative stereotypes of adult-film stars."

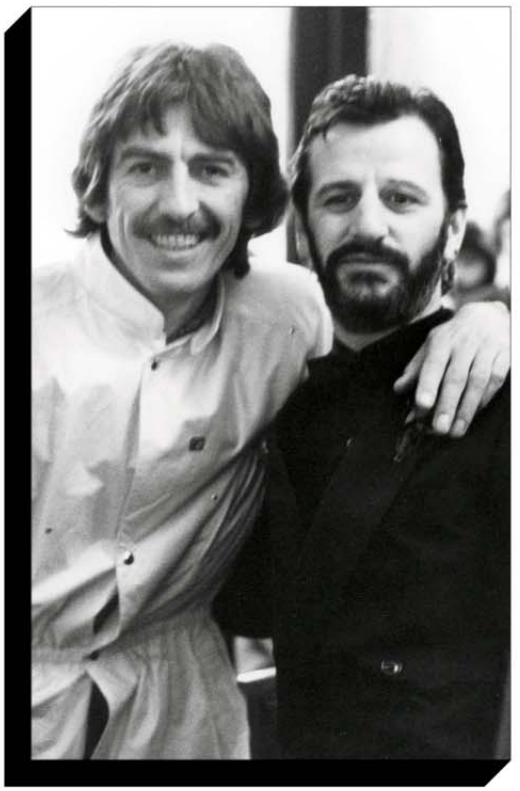
Of course, the awards couldn't go only to the Pets, as deserving as they are, so the lovely ladies helped honor other sexy successes. Our 2008 Pet of the Year Runner-Up, Justine Joli (right), presented the award for Sexiest Technology—and raved about the engraved metal dildos being handed out as trophies. "The dildos they gave away are great!" she says with unbridled enthusiasm. "I snagged a prototype from a friend a few years ago and never gave it back. Giving them out as awards is awesome!" Justine later did a sensual striptease to "You Can Leave Your Hat On," and took the lyrics to heart, ending her performance in only her hat.

October 2009 Pet Ryan Keely gave out the award for Sexiest Advertising to American Apparel, the obvious choice. "It was very exciting," Ryan tells us. "There was a great crowd, they brought together some really cool people, and I got to wear a sparkly gown!" But of course an event honoring sex isn't just about the fashion. "There were so many amazing performers, and they were all very sensual," Ryan says. "It was an incredible night!"

Sex, Drugs and Rock'n'Roll

Has rock 'n' roll debauchery gone to the dogs? Rock gods are now politely requesting Vitaminwater on their tour riders, and groupies are being warded off by purity rings. We can't figure out what the hell happened—so instead of thinking too hard about it, we've compiled a list of our favorite tales of behind-the-scenes indulgence.

By Kara Wahlgren

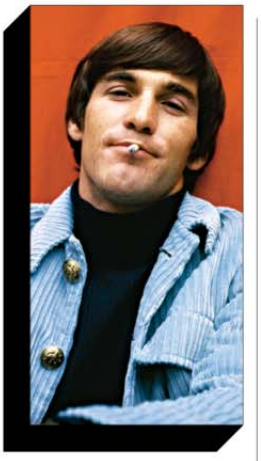


WIFE SWAP

George Harrison knew how to kill a good time. In the middle of a dinner party at Ringo Starr's Tittenhurst Park estate, George abruptly announced that he was in love with Ringo's wife, Maureen. According to Beatles confidante Chris O'Dell, Ringo replied, "Better you than someone we don't know." To make the classic-rock love triangle even more tangled, George's wife Pattie Boyd went on to marry Eric Clapton, who had previously lived with her younger sister.

SOUNDS FISHY

As depraved rocker tales go, it's the all-time classic: The members of Led Zeppelin were rumored to have tied up a groupie and violated her with a mud shark. Road manager Richard Cole finally cleared up the fish tale in his autobiography, explaining, **"It was a red snapper and the chick happened to be a fucking redheaded broad with a ginger pussy.…** Bonzo [John Bonham] was in the room, but I did it.… It was like, 'You'd like a bit of fucking, eh? Let's see how your red snapper likes this red snapper!' That was it. It was the nose of the fish, and that girl must have come 20 times. But it was nothing malicious or harmful, no way!"



GREEN GIANT

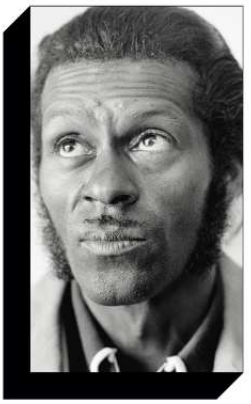
Life on the road can get boring, which could explain why, during the Beach Boys' first tour, in 1962, Dennis Wilson painted his penis green and let it hang ten out of his pants when he went to the hotel lobby for a soda. Or maybe he was just shit-faced.

PLAYING DRESS-UP

In her exposé *Let's Spend the Night Together*, supergroupie Pamela Des Barres aired the proverbial semen-stained laundry of her fellow Band Aids. Among the kinkiest stories: Cat Stevens once brought Patti D'Arbanville to a London department store to pick out a schoolgirl uniform—then had her put it on, took her into an alley, and screwed her on the hood of a car.

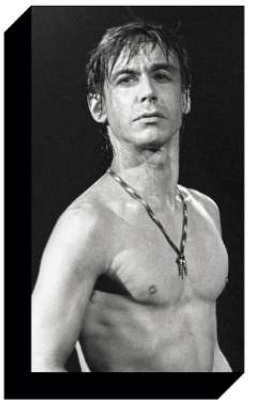
JUST FRIENDS?

After her postdivorce gag order expired in 1990, David Bowie's ex-wife, Angela, made a beeline for the media to share the dirty details of her hubby's infidelity—namely, that she'd once caught him in bed naked with Mick Jagger. She conceded that the bedshare could've been totally innocent, but *give us a fucking break*. Or, in Ms. Bowie's words, **"I never even considered the possibility that they hadn't been screwing....** I didn't have to look around for open jars of K-Y Jelly."



OH, SHIT

Another dirty secret from Pamela Des Barres' book: Mercy Fontenot let Chuck Berry photograph her defecating into a bucket. "I mean, it was Chuck Berry," Des Barres reasons. "She wanted to carry his guitar."

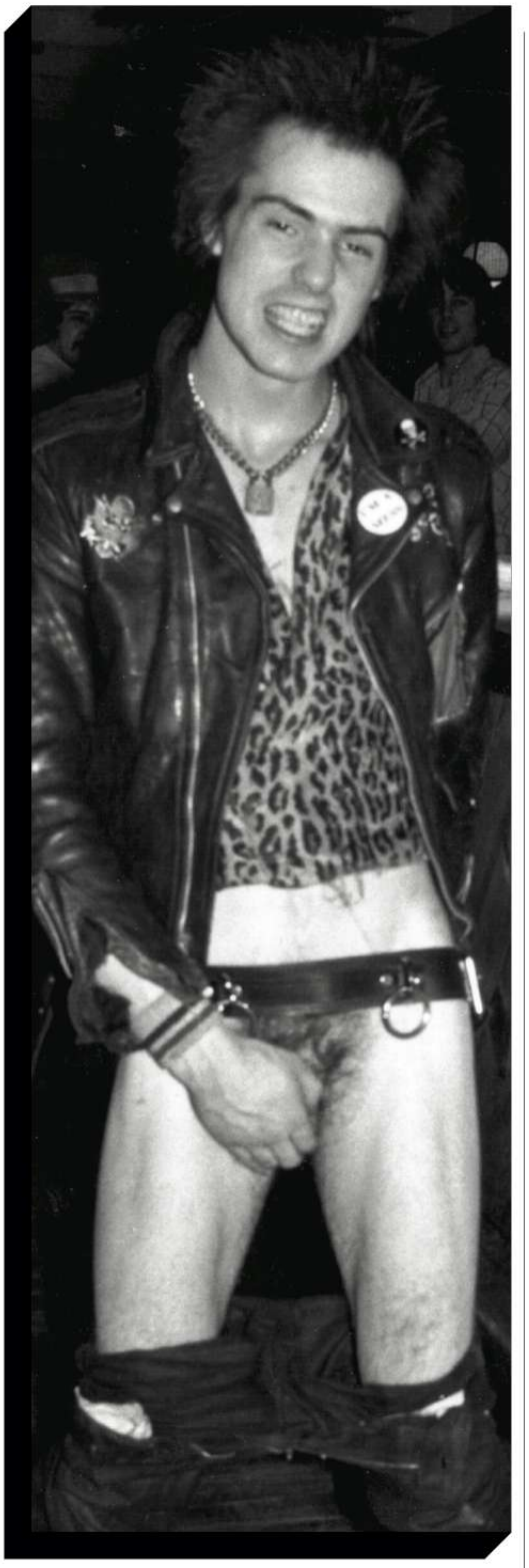


COITUS INTERRUPTUS

Iggy Pop was banging a groupie in a bathroom stall when he heard his band playing the first chords of the show. "I was still doing it and had to pull it out hard and sort of try to run onstage and work it down with my hand," he says.

ALTERNATE ROUTE

Even Stevie Nicks has heard the rumor that she spared her million-dollar vocal cords from her raging coke habit by having a roadie deliver the blow anally with a straw. Nicks, who calls the story "absurd," points out that coke left her with a hole in her nose that you could put a belt through. Still, the story persists and remains unconfirmed.



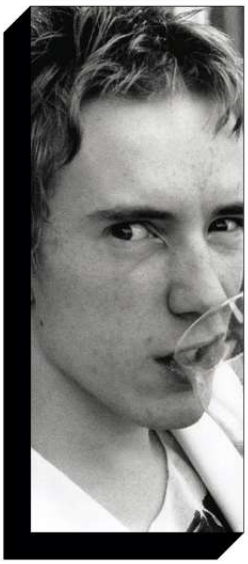
EXTRA, EXTRA

Sid Vicious livened up a boring press conference in Baton Rouge when **he grabbed a woman from the crowd and fucked her in front of the roomful of reporters. Unfortunately, this was long before the invention of YouTube.**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (GEORGE HARRISON, DAVID BOWIE, STEVIE NICKS) RETNA LTD.; (RED SNAPPER FISH) ENVISION/CORBIS; (DENNIS WILSON, CAT STEVENS, SID VICIOUS) REDFERN/GETTY IMAGES; (CHUCK BERRY) GUSBERT HANEKROOT/SUNSHINE/RETNA LTD.; (IGGY POP) CLAYTON CALL/RETNA LTD.

PISSED OFF, PART I

The Ramones rocked so hard that even Johnny Rotten was nervous in their presence. They offered him a beer to help him relax. Perhaps unfortunately for Rotten, Dee Dee Ramone once admitted, **"The Ramones always put a few drops of piss in anything they give their guests,** as a little joke."



PISSED OFF, PART II

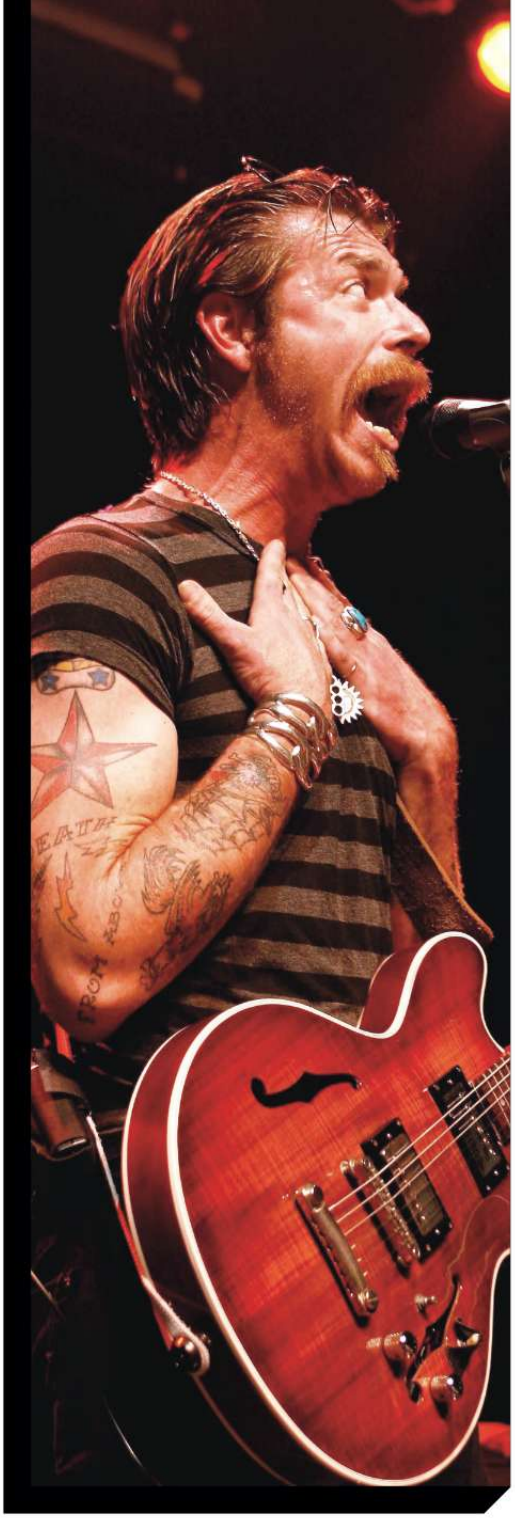
Johnny Rotten eventually paid it forward. According to the book *Rock Stars Do the Dumbest Things,* after an interview, he got a blowjob from a drag queen. When she told him, "You're not so rotten after all," he used her mouth as a urinal.

PISSED OFF, PART III

Perla Hudson, Slash's groupie-cum-wife, recalls a show where Slash and Izzy Stradlin peed into Corona bottles throughout the night—and some groupies later guzzled the special brew. "If someone told me back then that me and Slash would be married, with kids ... I would never have believed them," Hudson says.

HEALTHY COMPETITION

David Lee Roth used to enlist his road crew to find the hottest groupies in every city—and to sweeten the pot, he offered $100 to the crew member who picked the most worthy lay. "It wasn't unusual to have 50 gals show up at the lunchtime sound check demanding to give a blowjob," Roth says.



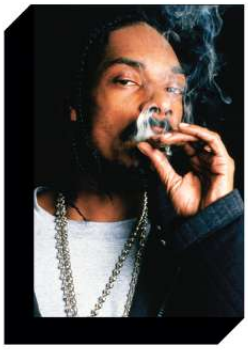
BEARDED

What do you do when a groupie's husband wants to kick your ass? Pretend you're not into her—like, *really* not into her. Eagles of Death Metal frontman Jesse Hughes says he switched teams temporarily to escape a jilted hubby: **"I was hooking up with this chick after a gig ... in like an electrical closet. All of a sudden I hear this sort of like Rocky 'Adrian!' It was this chick's fucking husband! I knew this guy was going to kick my ass, so I made [guitarist Dave Catching] pretend he was my husband....** I pretended that Davey was my husband for the next six hours."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (THE RAMONES, GUNS N' ROSES, DAVID LEE ROTH, SNOOP DOGG, R. KELLY, KID ROCK, PEARL JAM, IGGY POP) RETNA LTD., (JESSE HUGHES) SCOTT D. SMITH/RETNA LTD., (KANYE WEST) BRIAN HINELINE/RETNA LTD., (PAMELA AND TOMMY, RAY J AND KIM) WIREIMAGE/GETTY, (PRINCE) AFP/GETTY IMAGES, (BUSTA RHYMES) JOHN ATASHIAN/RETNA LTD., (FOO FIGHTERS) MICK ROCK/RETNA LTD., (JAY-Z) WATTIE CHEUNG/CAMERA PRESS/RETNA LTD., (T.I.) FILMMAGIC/GETTY

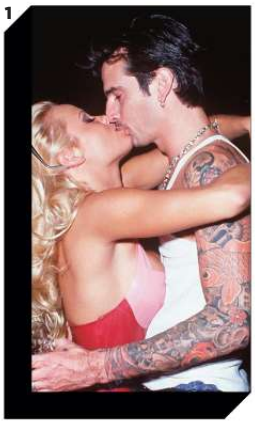
SHARED QUARTERS

Apparently Kanye West was not thrilled about sharing a dressing room with the Ting Tings at a 2008 gig in England, because when the Europop duo returned to the dressing room, they discovered that West had urinated on the floor. "We ask for a lot of unusual things on our backstage rider," said Ting Tings drummer Jules De Martino, "but that ain't one of them!"



NO VACANCY

Snoop Dogg knows how to improve his odds in a room full of porn stars. After the AVN Awards in 2002, he invited 70 girls to join him for a party in a penthouse suite at the Venetian Hotel and established a strict "no dudes" policy. After porn star Jason Sechrest was denied admission, he managed to get hotel security to shut down the party—because it was taking place in his suite.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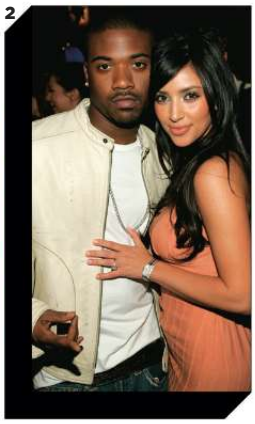
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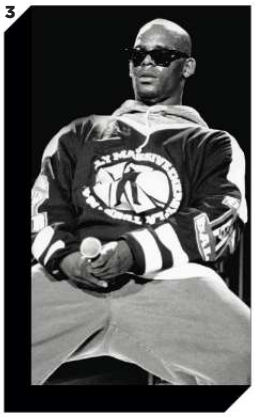
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LEAKED FOOTAGE (TIMES FOUR)

We have no doubt that sex tapes have existed since the invention of celluloid, so it's no surprise that many rock stars have racy home videos floating around. In fact, it would be criminal to limit these cinematic masterpieces to just one spot on the list, so we've narrowed down our favorites to four indisputable classics:

■ **Pamela Anderson and Tommy Lee** (1) accidentally kicked off the trend when their *Stolen Honeymoon* footage became the best-selling adult video of 1998, thanks in no small part to Tommy's enormous endowment and Pam's monumental mamms.

■ **R. Kelly** (3) went from producer to punch line in 2002, after a video surfaced of the R&B star allegedly doing the bump 'n' grind with a young lady who was said to be 14 years old. Kelly was acquitted of all related charges in June 2008, but his career has yet to bounce back to its pre-video highs.

■ In 1999, Scott Stapp boarded Kid Rock's (4) tour bus with a video camera and asked to get in on the groupie action; Kid generously obliged. After the ensuing footage of the pair chatting while getting blowjobs was leaked in 2006, Kid Rock blamed the Creed frontman for losing the tape, saying, "He's the idiot."

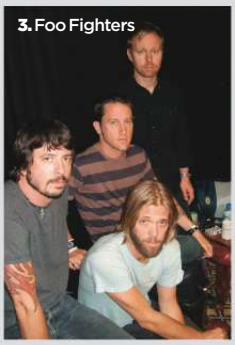
■ Paris Hilton's night-vision exploits may have gotten more publicity, but her BFF **Kim Kardashian** (2) looked to be more fun in the sack after Vivid Video released a tape of the curvy socialite screwing R&B singer **Ray J**—and widespread reports circulated that the uncut version included some water sports.

How They Roll

Can you match the rock stars to their backstage requests?

1. Prince

2. Busta Rhymes


3. Foo Fighters

4. Jay-Z

5. Pearl Jam

6. T.I.

7. Iggy Pop

A. Marlboros and white tube socks
B. Sapporo beer and PB&J
C. Filet mignon and Skittles
D. Bob Hope impersonator
E. Epsom salt and Polaroid film
F. Yogi tea and jasmine candles
G. Ribbed condoms and KFC

ANSWERS: 1. F; 2. G; 3. A; 4. B; 5. E; 6. C; 7. D.

The Eyes Have It

Who says girls don't make passes at guys who wear glasses?

As told to Ronnie Koenig

For most of my life I was the nerdy guy with glasses. I had a few long-term relationships but nothing out of the ordinary. But when I opened up my own vision center a few years ago, everything changed. I don't know if my confidence went up or if women started to see me as more successful and desirable, but whatever it was, I'm not complaining.

The first time a patient came on to me, I was totally taken aback. Brenna was a petite brunette in her mid-twenties with a nice body, and very giggly and sweet. She had been coming to me for contacts for a while. I was doing a routine eye exam, and when I rolled my chair up to shine the light in her eyes, our knees accidentally touched. Of course, this happens all the time. Brenna had on a short skirt, and suddenly she squeezed her legs around mine. I tried to act like nothing was happening and continued on with the exam, but it was impossible when her bare skin was pressed right up against my khakis. I remember thinking, *Is this really happening?* I leaned in a little closer, and Brenna put her hand on my leg. In one long, slow movement, she brushed it up my thigh and right onto my cock. At that point we started kissing, and she slid out of the exam chair and onto my lap. It was cold in the room, and when I rubbed my hand across her chest I could feel that her nipples were really hard. Brenna was grinding on me so expertly that I thought I might come ... until the phone buzzed. My receptionist was on the intercom telling me that a patient was on the line.

I pushed Brenna off my lap and tried to regain my composure. As much as I was into what was happening, I was also terrified. We straightened ourselves up and I gave her a prescription for her contacts. I thought about calling her a few days later, but decided against it. I wasn't sure what she was looking for—or, for that matter, what I wanted.

At a party a few months later, I met this really pretty Midwestern girl with long blonde hair. Cherie had just moved to New York City, and when I told her I was an eye doctor she started flirting with me and eventually sat down on my lap. She was squirming around and kept saying that she wanted to see my office, which was just a few blocks away.

When we got to the office, I let Cherie into the examination room and told her to sit down in the patient's chair and not move. I switched the light on behind the Snellen chart, put the photopter in front of her face, and told her to start at the top. As she read, I unbuttoned her jeans, yanked them down, and pulled off her panties, too, telling her, "Keep reading," when she hesitated. She was now sitting bare-assed in my exam chair.

I knelt down and parted her legs, exposing her pink little pussy, which was shaved except for a tiny landing strip. I started making circles on her clit with my finger. "I can't see the next line," she said. She was definitely out of breath. I put my mouth on her pussy and licked her, and she started to moan. After a few minutes, I pressed the button to tilt back the chair, moved the equipment out of the way, unzipped my pants, and got on top of her. Cherie was so enthusiastic, grabbing my ass and pulling me in deeper, that I came very quickly.

As she read from the eye chart, I unbuttoned her jeans, yanked them down, and parted her legs, exposing her pink pussy.

My strangest experience was my first "date" with Heidi. She came into the office wearing these sexy horn-rimmed glasses, but she said, "I don't need to wear these. But I want you to come on them."

I thought, *This girl is a freak!* Not that I minded. Without saying anything else, she unbuttoned her blouse and popped open her bra. I went up to her and started massaging her big, natural tits before realizing it was probably a smart idea to lock the door. I told Heidi to take off the rest of her clothes and lie down on the couch. After I got undressed, I flipped her onto her stomach, pulled her ass up into the air, and slid inside her. As I pumped in and out of her, I reached under her and grabbed her tits—they were definitely the biggest ones I'd ever played with. When I knew I was about to come, Heidi turned around and held her face up toward me expectantly. Standing over her, I shot my come all over her face and her glasses. She leaned back and played with herself, making herself come so hard that she shook.

Heidi and I have been dating for a few months, and every now and then she'll show up in the middle of the day and give me a blowjob while I sit in the exam chair. And she always keeps her nonprescription glasses on.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY WARD

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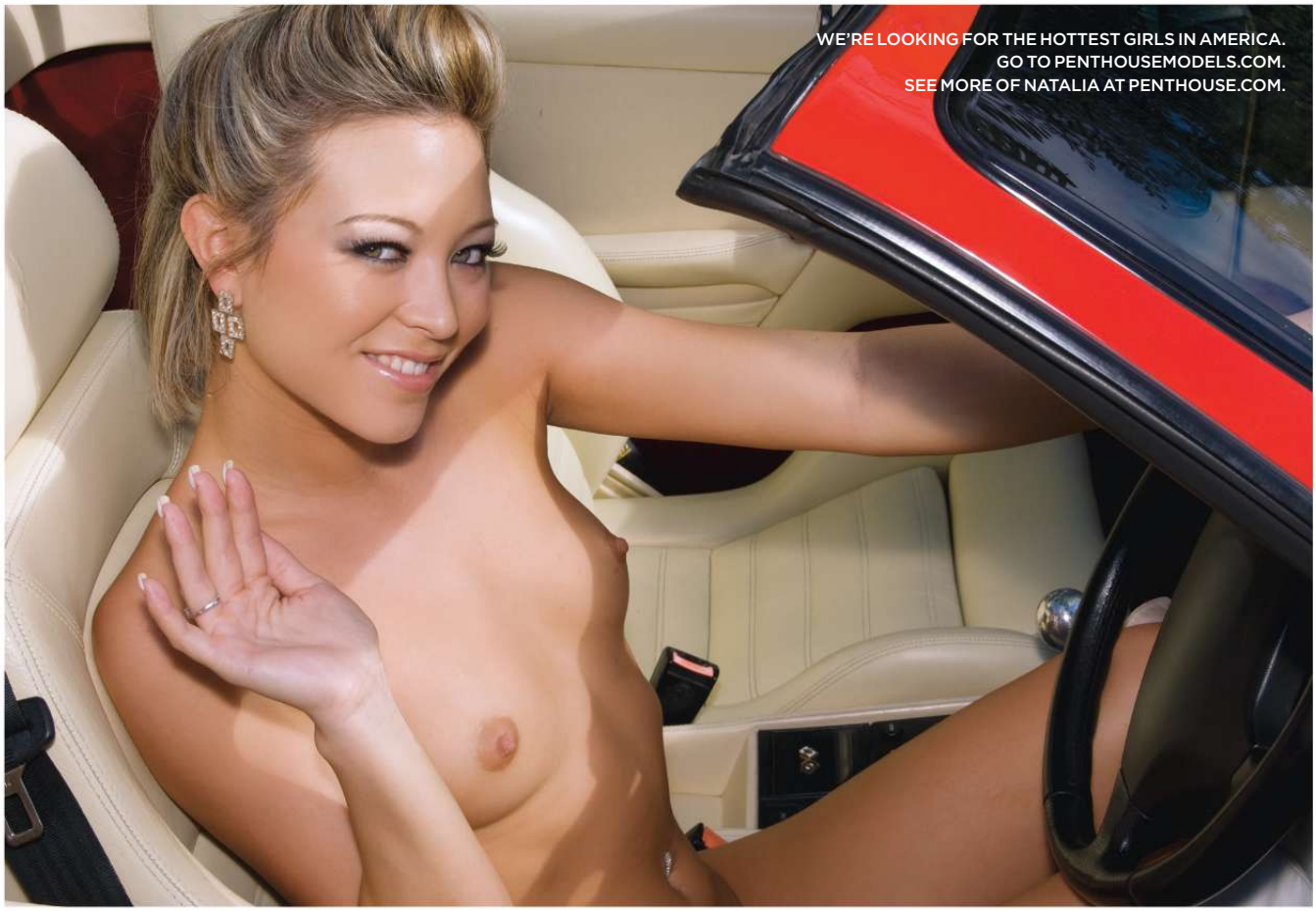
built for speed

Twenty-two-year-old Natalia Forrest can rev up her own engine, thanks, especially with such luxurious leather rubbing against her shapely ass. She's certainly got us dreaming of finding paradise by the dashboard light.

Photographs by Beck Images

THOUSE



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THE WORLD'S MOST IDIOTIC SPORTS

Fun to read about—disastrous to attempt. Here are some of the most absurd ways to spend weekends invented by people who don't understand that sports are for professionals. Period.

By Adam Russ and Andrew Davies

PHOTOGRAPHS (TOP LEFT/BUZKASHI) COURTESY OF ANOVA BOOKS, BY (BOG SNORKELING) JEFF MORGAN LLANWRTYD WELLS/ALAMY

There are far better uses of your time than standing in a miserable, wet field on a Saturday afternoon, wearing ridiculous clothes, waiting to get hurt. Because that's what happens in sports. Spend your spare time gardening, decorating, or whatever fills the void in your existence in whatever way suits you best. But under no circumstances indulge in a once-a-week exercise in what might have been if you'd decided against taking the job in computing and followed your dream of being a professional rodeo rider/squash player/synchronized swimmer.

However, if you're determined to get seriously injured, or at a minimum totally humiliate yourself, here are some of the most pointless wastes of human endeavor since the Beagle 2 probe spent two years getting to Mars ... and then didn't land properly. If you want more, check out *101 Sports Not to Try,* published by Portico Books.

BOG SNORKELING

There are stories of odd things seen in desolate bogs: will-o'-the-wisps, the ghosts of those who have died in the treacherous sucking pits, and men with snorkels on bikes ....

Country of origin: Wales.
Possibility of death or serious injury: It depends how unexpectedly deep the bog is. Or if there's a bog troll in residence.
People most likely to enjoy it: The kind of person who thinks underwater cave exploration is a good thing.
History: Many anthropologists see the capacity to learn as the crucial determining factor in the advancement of the human race. Evidence that we are losing this ability surrounds us, but nowhere is it more damning than in the smallest town in Britain—Llanwrtyd Wells—where the annual Bike Bog Snorkeling event is held.
You'll need: A mountain bike that has tires filled with a mixture of lead and water. While the actual ratio of lead to water is kept a closely guarded secret, it's clear that this unusual mix makes the bikes fairly unsuitable for using on roads, even the lonely and unending ones of Wales.
How you do it: The arena for competition is a trench dug into a particularly ugly part of the Waen Rhydd bog. The idea is that you cycle two lengths of the bog and record your best possible time.
Why you shouldn't bother: You ride a bike underwater, through a bog, in Wales.

BUZKASHI

It's just like polo, but instead of lumping a ball around a manicured field, gritty Afghan tribesmen compete for a goat carcass.

Country of origin: Afghanistan.
Possibility of death or serious injury: Not a great deal higher than any other activity in Afghanistan. Unless you're a goat.
Prize/rewards: It's trampled goat on toast for the winners and a consolation land mine for the losers. Unlike in soccer, if you score a hat trick you don't get to keep the goat after the game.
People most likely to enjoy it: Hard-bitten mountain men who haven't had the opportunity to experience a no-holds-barred game of Buckaroo.
Expect to hear: "I have scored a goat!"; "Do you know what really gets my goat, Hamed?"; "That was a goat out of nowhere"; and "You missed an open goat!"
History: For such a remote and seemingly insignificant part of the world, the country of Afghanistan has given the world a great deal. Nice rugs, the supermodels of the canine world, and of course approximately half the planet's heroin. Most notably, in the past couple of centuries, Afghanistan has dished out approximately 99 different kinds of hell to any outside influences that have tried to get involved in shaping its future. It's no wonder that Afghans' most famous sport is one that combines their tough image with their superior equine skills and their more general love of animals. Animals that aren't goats, anyway.
You'll need: Friends with horses and lots of time on their hands. And lots of them, too. Also a goat. But not any old goat—a nicely balanced and springy goat is best. Behead it, disembowel it, and place the carcass in a large vat full of water to soak overnight. You might want to add a little splash of balsamic vinegar.
How you do it: Anyone who's seen the last *Rambo* movie will be familiar with how this crazy sport is played. Riders compete to capture the carcass from a goal in the center of the playing area and transport it around a distant pole before returning it to claim a point. Rules-wise, pretty much anything goes, and the whips carried by the riders aren't solely for use on their mounts.
Why you shouldn't bother: There is an intense fear that the Americans will bring not only democracy to the country, but also sports statistics, and that Afghan punters will have to memorize goat-strike averages. However, in a land where the one certainty right now is that if a Taliban bomb doesn't get you, a NATO one probably will, dragging a headless goat around while riding a galloping horse could be considered light relief.

CHEESE ROLLING

No one seems to know why the residents of a small town outside Gloucester gather every May to chase a cheese they roll down Cooper's Hill.

Country of origin: England.
Possibility of death or serious injury: Yes. Broken arms, legs, wrists, collarbones.
Greatest hazard: Slippery grass and being rolled on by another competitor. Injuries to competitors from cheese impacts are virtually unheard of.
Watch out for: Cowpats.
Prize/rewards: A cheese (Double Gloucester).
People most likely to enjoy it: Wallace and Gromit, freeloading vegetarians.
Expect to hear: "I'm hoping for a slow cheese this year."
History: At the heart of this kind of nonsensical behavior lies the very essence of what it is to be English: to be accepting of the differences of others. To be—to a lesser or greater degree—certifiably insane. Above all, it is the belief that some things are done out of a sense of tradition, and that should you happen to break an ankle and lose your job because you were chasing a wheel of Double Gloucester down a muddy hillside somewhere in the Cotswolds, then that's just what your father and your grandfather before him would have done. And his father before him, too.
How you do it: The cheese has a one-second head start on a slope that, while not particularly long, is certainly steep. So it's no surprise to hear that in the past the cheese has clocked speeds in excess of 70 miles per hour, and also frequently causes bodily harm to hapless spectators at the bottom.
Why you shouldn't bother: There are plenty of acceptable reasons for ending up in the emergency room: being attacked by your neighborhood gang of knife-wielding hoods, getting thumped on the bus for playing R&B through the speaker of your cellphone, being knocked over by a cyclist who mounted the pavement because he'd had enough of sharing the road with inconsiderate drivers.... Chasing a cheese down a hill has never been one of them, and it never will be.

DYKE JUMPING

Despite its seemingly provocative name, dyke jumping does not involve leaping over successively taller and wider lesbians. It's a sport that's been practiced for as long as dykes, poles, and idiots have been around.

Country of origin: Netherlands.
Possibility of death or serious injury: Death is rare, but broken limbs and lost clogs are common.
Greatest hazard: Splinters and severe gastric disorders.
Watch out for: The Flying Dutchman.
Prize/rewards: Competition to find immortality on the Dyke Jumping Roll of Honor is not as fierce as you might think. Most people do it because they're prats.
Expect to hear: "Who told you it was okay to put your finger there?"
History: Dyke jumping owes its roots to the skills perfected by farmers back in the days when their animals

CAMEL WRESTLING

If you're the kind of freak who likes to watch two animals trying to tear each other to pieces, then be warned: Camel fighting is to violence what two snails mating is to porn.

Country of origin: Turkey.
Greatest hazard: There's not a great deal of risk involved in the actual fight, but watch what you say or you could find out you've swapped your wife for the winner.
Watch out for: Pints of spit.
People most likely to enjoy it: If you're the kind of person who might like watching two large heaps of smelly, moth-eaten carpet banging aimlessly together, this could very well be the sport for you.
Expect to hear: "One hump or two?"
History: Whether acting as a ship of the desert, going without water for three months, or carrying wise men, the camel has always played a very special role in global culture. And while it's retained its place as an important status symbol in Arabic culture, modern transportation methods have made it less commercially essential in the regions it once dominated. It's nice to know there are still places where the modern camel-about-town can find gainful employment besides appearing in zoos and advertising cigarettes.
You'll need: Three camels—two bull males and one seductive young female, preferably one in heat. The presence of the female is essential; without her the males will simply lounge around amiably, generally enjoying each other's company, scratching and breaking wind every so often.
How you do it: Expect to see such signature moves as "power neck rubbing," "extreme kneeling down, not doing much," and "pile driver trying to make a run for it," a move that can actually prove extremely dangerous for members of the audience who get in the way.
Why you shouldn't bother: Understandably, the camels get excited by the prospect of a punch-up and/or a nifty spot of romance. As a result, there are camel bodily fluids all over the place.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (CHEESE ROLLING) REUTERS/CORBIS, (CAMEL WRESTLING) COURTESY OF ANOVA BOOKS, (DYKE JUMPING) JIM NICHOLSON/ALAMY

didn't live out their entire tragic existences locked in industrial-size warehouses. Dutch and Belgian farmers would graze their herds in fields delineated by dykes, not fences. When checking on their animals, they took a handy pole to avoid getting their clogs and trousers wet. The sport is known across Europe as *fierljeppen,* or "far leaping"—a misleading name on two counts since leaping doesn't traditionally involve the use of a pole, and few of the competitors make it very far.
You'll need: A dyke, ditch, canal, trench, river, or something similar. A large pole, between 9 and 15 feet in length, with a flat base to prevent it from sinking into the muddy bottom of whatever it is you're attempting to jump. You'll also need a healthy sense of humor and an injection for Weil's disease (carried by water rats).
Advanced: Dutch inventors of the sport maintain it's a serious business and even have records for the longest jumps ever; the current record stands at more than 60 feet. Which just goes to show the kind of crazy stuff that goes on in societies that legalize pot.
Why you shouldn't bother: Dyke jumping has a great deal to offer ... the spectator. Take a video camera with you.

KINETIC SCULPTURE RACING

A sport devised by hippies for hippies, which means it's not about winning; it's about taking part and expressing yourself in an astrally balanced way.

Country of origin: United States.
Possibility of death or serious injury: Medically, it is possible for people to die of shame. Why no kinetic sculpture racer has yet done so is testament to the level of self-delusion in hippies.
People most likely to enjoy it: Self-proclaimed "*craaazy* guys."
Expect to hear: "Like, wow, your two-man swordfish is smokin', dude!"
History: If you could cross a carnival float with a triathlon race, kinetic sculpture racing would be the bastard offspring. Think of it as a birdman competition where the entrants have to race a modern work of art that won't fall apart ten yards beyond the start line.
You'll need: A human-powered, all-terrain, amphibious work of art. Seriously.
How you do it: There are several competitions across the United States, and each has its own particular take on what constitutes a kinetic sculpture. But since all the events are run by hippies, you shouldn't worry about the rules too much. Essentially, you'll be taking a bike, tricycle, or other pedal-powered machine and making it—and yourself—as weird-looking as you can. If you're not blessed with much of an imagination, that might just mean adorning it with the Kinetic Chicken logo adopted by the original event in Humboldt County, California; putting clown rouge on your cheeks; and wearing a silly hat. That's the most important part of the event. Once you've prepared your vehicle, you'll be ready to tackle the course itself, which in the case of the original event is remarkably hard-core, stretching as it does over 41 miles of river, road, dunes, and gut-churning drops.
Advanced: The sport's popularity in Western Australia proves that hippie lunacy can no longer be put down to local meteorological conditions in the state of California, and it's growing on enough of a scale to classify it as an international epidemic.
Why you shouldn't bother: Entering one of these races may seem like a great idea at 3:30 A.M. on the back of a bong. But, just like the idea of asking that homeless guy down the road if he wants to crash on your couch till he gets himself together, or having the word "rainbow" tattooed across your forehead, it's one that you'd be wise to dismiss in the cold light of day.

PHOTOGRAPHS (SCULPTURE RACING) COURTESY OF ANOVA BOOKS, BY (WIFE CARRYING) DARREN STAPLES/REUTERS/CORBIS

WIFE CARRYING

Most men, after carrying a new wife over the threshold, stop there. A small minority seem to enjoy it so much they made a sport out of it.

Country of origin: Finland.
Possibility of death or serious injury: You should be fine so long as you remember to take her out to dinner afterward.
Greatest hazard: Being caught carrying your neighbor's wife. "I was only practicing for the race" is a very thin excuse, especially if you were giving her the post-race rubdown.
Watch out for: Difficult-to-navigate hazards such as water-filled ditches, fences, and shoe shops.
Expect to hear: "Don't fancy yours much."
History: Despite some good times looting and pillaging in the Dark Ages, and playing a major role in the shaping of Europe before 1400, the Scandinavians have spent most of the past 500 years between a rock and a hard place—the rock being Russia in its many and various forms, and the hard place being the Baltic Sea, which is frozen over during the bleak winter. Perhaps this is why the Scandinavians have learned to find fun in the most unlikely of acts: watching repeats of *Benny Hill,* jumping into icy pools naked, and inventing odd sports.
You'll need: A wife. If you have trouble locating one by conventional methods, she can be found cheaply and quickly on the internet. Of course, it doesn't have to be *your* wife. It only has to be *a* wife.
How you do it: An over-the-shoulder fireman's-style lift seems to be the preferred method for most northern Scandinavians, while Estonians practice a hold where wife's legs go around husband's neck and she hangs upside down. This has been banned in several competitions on the grounds of moral decency.
Advanced: Wife carrying may sound like fun, but the standard in most competitions is now incredibly high. There is even Ironman Wife Carrying where contestants drag their wives a mile through water on a rubber wing, sling them across the crossbars of bikes for a five-mile ride, and finish off with the traditional run. Some gay groups questioned the name of the sport in Sweden, where it has been renamed Life Partner Carrying.
Why you shouldn't bother: You'll need a wife with a great sense of humor and physical stamina who's very fond of you and doesn't mind giving up valuable shopping time for a pointless event. Since all of that is unheard of for anyone who has been married for more than two weeks, it's unlikely that you'll even make it to the starting line.

© Salamander 2009. Taken from *101 Sports Not to Try,* by Adam Russ, published by Portico Books, an imprint of Anova Books.

Sorority Sex Scandals

Penthouse Features

This outstanding disc features plenty of fine women giving up plenty of fine performances, the best of which happen in the interracial scenes. Dark-skinned Osa Lovely and blonde Krissy Lynn pull a pair of brothers in the opening scene, and damn if it ain't bangin'. The petite Osa gets most of her action from behind, and Krissy's best work comes when she's flat on her back taking John E. Depth's long, black rod (which also gets some good action later with Angel Cummings and the stunning cocksucker Vanessa Leon). After their tag-teaming, the duo gets spunky, funky loads splattered on their tits. I also enjoyed cover girl Alexis Texas, who bears more than a passing resemblance to Anna Nicole Smith—all wide hips and big, full ass and dumb blonde fuckability (although frankly she would have been better cast in *White Trash*). That ass is her selling point, and she works it for all it's worth here in a diner setting with the vaguely mookish Anthony Rosano, who always brings out a good performance in her. The sex is whackable in all five scenes, but it's the interracial couplings you'll want to watch again and again.

Alexis Texas and Anthony Rosano

WHITE TRASH
Penthouse Forum

Madison Scott sets the bar high at the start of this porno dedicated to sex in the trailer park and beyond as a strumpet who bangs her mope of a boyfriend in a newly stolen car. Her oral skills are more than up to the challenge of his big prick, and her cunt gets a workout that ends with some "white trash" being sprayed all over her tongue. Tiffany Tyler plays a cheap ho to perfection, having some after-hours fun with her pimp in a scene notable for Rocco Reed's skillful cunnilingus. And while Jessica Bangkok hardly fits the definition of "white trash," she absolutely blows the roof off the joint, getting reamed deep by Tommy Gunn in an extended doggie-style made even better by great camera work—you'll love the bounce of her beautiful tits and close-ups of her full, smooth ass. The only other thing I could have asked for is Sasha Grey getting gang-porked in a meth lab by a trio of tweakers, but, hey, that's what sequels are for.

DIARY OF A HORNY HOUSEWIFE
Penthouse Letters

The setups are cheerfully clichéd—lonely housewives get serviced by the horny masseur, the horny milkman, the horny male stripper, and of course the son's horny college roommate—but those clichés only make the sex more girlfriend-friendly (hint, hint). For me, Holly Sampson's seduction of milkman Evan Stone is the best boy-girl vignette—Stone delivers right on time. Holly makes a perfect foil for him too, her pearl necklace and blue crinoline giving the scene an extra degree of deviance while he pounds her on everything including, yes, the kitchen sink. And while I'm not always a fan of lesbian porn scenes, I enjoyed Nikita Von James and Penthouse Pet Jana Jordan's poolside party. The pair pulls out all the stops (and inserts them in all the right places), reaching a peak of sorts when Nikita plunges her puss down on Jana's fingers over and over. This is full of blondes, full of studs, and full of fucking—a combination that can't be beat.

Above left: Tiffany Tyler and Rocco Reed.
Above right: Nikita Von James and Jana Jordan.

All the DVDs reviewed in *Penthouse* can be purchased at PenthouseStore.com.

who's the boss?

When Sadie started work at the spa, it took mere days for her supervisor to become her lover. After hours tonight, however, Sadie is going to show Tiffany just how satisfying it can be to let someone else take charge. Bottoms up!

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA.
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SEE MORE OF SADIE AND TIFFANY AT PENTHOUSE.COM.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Relationships may be more complicated than ever, but the eternal truth is, sex is—and should be—good. In order to help you get the most out of your sex life, you need advice from experts on both sides of the bed.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H., and Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

ASS MAN

I've been married for almost ten years and my wife and I have three beautiful children. I still enjoy making love to her, although her vagina has definitely become a lot looser following childbirth. Perhaps that's one of the reasons why lately I have become obsessed with fucking her in the ass. After much begging and pleading she usually gives in to my request, but she never seems to be really into it. She tells me that the fact that I am uncircumcised makes anal sex difficult for her. Is that true or just an excuse? She also complains that she gets diarrhea after I come inside her ass. How can I make her enjoy anal sex?

The Downs side: You can't make someone enjoy something unless what you mean by "enjoy" is "put up with," which unfortunately seems to be the case.

First of all, your uncircumcised penis isn't the problem. The problem is that your wife doesn't want to be fucked in the ass, but apparently her only choices are letting you have your way or listening to you whine. If you badger her into submission, she's unlikely to enjoy it.

If you're ready to stop being a knucklehead, start by reading up on anal sex. The two must-have manuals for anal-sex enthusiasts are Dr. Jack Morin's *Anal Pleasure & Health* and Tristan Taormino's *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women*. One of the many important things you'll learn from these authors is what's now considered the golden rule of anal sex: It should never hurt. Pain means something is wrong and is possibly causing harm.

Another key is using lots of good, water-based sex lube made specifically for that purpose (not spit, suntan lotion, or whatever else happens to be handy). However, even with copious lubrication, it still feels bad to stick something up your butt if you don't really want it there. The muscles of your anal sphincter must be coaxed to relax in order to allow penetration. For that to happen, you have to feel safe, at ease, and completely willing. Don't try to use booze or drugs as a shortcut, because they're apt to cloud judgment and obscure pain, increasing the risk of injury. Desensitizing creams or lubes are also strongly discouraged for the same reason.

Before doing it with a partner, it's a good idea to get comfortable with anal penetration through solo exploration, using fingers or dildos of different sizes. Always proceed slowly, and never force anything through the anus. Whether it's as slender as a pinky finger or as fat as a soup can, it should slip in effortlessly.

Keep this in mind: The more your wife learns to expect discomfort when your cock comes knocking at her back door, the more her asshole will tense up. A person's anus is capable of holding grudges when treated so rudely, as your wife's has. In time, it

PHOTOGRAPH BY (ASS MAN) PANDO HALL/GETTY IMAGES

might forgive you, but right now you need to give it some space. It would be a shame to permanently sour your wife on anal eroticism if she can find a way to enjoy it. There's no guarantee that she will, but with a little anal-sex education and some sensitivity on your part, she just might turn out to be a bigger ass freak than you are.

Dr. Z agrees: It sounds as if you jam your cock into your wife's ass without the preparation that would let her relax and perhaps even enjoy the experience. Make sure you use a ton of lubricant and finger her anus to relax her before attempting penile insertion. You can use anal probes or beads to help loosen her anal sphincter. (Warning: shameless self-promotional plug ahead.) You'll find a great selection of them at PenthouseStore.com.

Your being uncircumcised should not hinder anal penetration. In fact, an uncircumcised penis usually has more natural lubrication than its circumcised counterpart. That's probably just an excuse she uses to try to save her butt from being manhandled. In terms of her complaining of diarrhea following anal sex, however, that is quite possible—your ejaculate can be an enema of sorts. Try coming *on* her butt instead of inside it. Most important, try to change her negative attitude toward anal sex by renting hot anal pornos where a woman actually enjoys it. Or, if she's not into watching porn, try erotica: Toni Bentley's memoir *Surrender* is an ode to the joy of giving up her ass for the pure enjoyment of her lover.

As a woman, I have to add, I hope you're not bitching to your wife that her vaginal canal is less tight than before. If she interprets those comments as part of your attempt to fuck her ass, she might not be aware that it's a real issue. When you tell her that you're going to take some time to educate yourself about anal pleasure, also gently encourage her to perform Kegel exercises, which can help tighten and strengthen her vaginal muscles so she can get a better grip. Try getting her a toy that's used for Kegeling and help her "work out." That should help you regain some of your former interest in her pussy.

COUGAR CHASER

I'm one of those guys who's really into older women. I think they're hot and have the most to offer when it comes to sex. I'm in my twenties and good-looking (or so I've been told), but I still choke when it comes to approaching cougars. When a woman looks good, I can't help but want to know her age. I know it shouldn't matter, but how can I ask a woman her age and not insult her? If I find an older woman I'm interested in, should I lie and say I'm older than I really am?

The Downs side: Someone brought you up right, because you already know that asking a woman her age is like talking to her breasts, or leaving the toilet seat up after you piss.

There are many ways to find out without asking. Being a gentleman, you'll naturally want to have a nice conversation with her. Listen carefully and try to tease out the information without being too obvious. Bring up the subject of school, if there's a plausible pretext for it, and ask her where she went to high school. Then casually ask what year she graduated (because you might know someone who was in her class, maybe?). Most people are about 18 when they graduate from high school. Do the math.

If that doesn't get you anywhere, ask her about work. If she says that when she was 25, she worked in a New York City restaurant where the busboys snorted coke out of the waitresses' cleavage, for instance, ask her what living in New York was like then. She might say, "Oh, it was the late eighties, and ..." Bingo! That places her squarely in her forties. See?

Don't ask if she has kids, but if she happens to mention them, it is not impolite to inquire about their ages. They could be toddlers, but if they're in college, that tells you something.

As for lying about your age, don't be ridiculous. By definition, a "cougar" is a mature woman who stalks fresh young bucks for fun. Making up tales about a mortgage and a bad back will get you nowhere.

The Pet doctor: Forget about a woman's actual age. It's not only rude to inquire about it, but it's totally irrelevant. A woman's biological age is often totally different from her chronological one. Take Lindsay Lohan, for example. She is in her early twenties, but she looks worse than many 40-year-olds. Hard, fast living has aged her prematurely. And then there are women in their fifties and sixties who work out and take care of their appearance, making them look decades younger. Kim Basinger is a prime example. Don't worry about her age. If she's hot in your eyes, go for it.

You may need to work on your confidence before approaching your cougar cutie, though. First of all, you don't need to lie about your own age. If a woman thinks you're hot, it won't matter. Many older women like the idea of bedding younger men. They think that your youth will enable you to ride them harder, last longer, and give them multiple performances in the course of a few hours. You've been told you're good-looking, so start believing it. Let her know that you find her attractive, then try to live up to her expectations in the sack. If you succeed, then you can give her some age-related compliment like, "You don't look a day over 20—do you still get carded?" In the afterglow of great sex, she may even give you a truthful answer.

THE 28-YEAR-OLD VIRGIN

This is really embarrassing, but true: I am a 28-year-old virgin. I have gotten plenty of massage-parlor handjobs and blowjobs, but I have never had intercourse. In fact, I've never had a girlfriend. I am quite introverted by nature, and as a computer programmer, I don't get to meet a lot of hot women. I am also quite a bit overweight, which makes me self-conscious. Lately, however, an attractive young woman at work has been coming on to me, and I finally got up the courage to ask her out. We've had several dinner dates and have gone to the movies, where we made out and I even got to finger her—she got quite wet. She seems to be very sexually confident and experienced and that scares me a bit. What should I do? I don't know if I should confess I'm a virgin, or just go with the flow. What are the best sexual positions you can recommend for someone like me—overweight, out of shape, and with no real sexual experience?

The Downs side: It can be hard to finally get what you want after waiting for too long. Prisoners who've served long jail sentences have described similar fears pending their release, because they've adapted to life on the inside. You have adapted to life without a girlfriend. If getting off in massage parlors is your norm, then it's understandable that the prospect of having sex with a woman who likes you might seem a little intimidating. But if you don't take this opportunity, you'll almost certainly regret it.

This woman has gone out with you more than once, has made out with you, and has literally let you get in her pants. No more movies and dinner dates. It's time to make a booty call.

I think you have less to fear from a sexually confident woman than from a hesitant beginner. But don't take this young woman's forwardness as a sure sign of experience. She might be as naive as you, and putting up a front.

In any case, don't feel compelled to "confess" your virginity. More likely than not, it would make the big moment awkward for both of you. Imagine if Neil Armstrong had stepped out of the lunar lander and said, "Uh, Houston ... wait a sec. This is my first time, so if I don't do it right, I hope you won't be disappointed."

Concerning your weight, it could be an issue if you're too enormous to get out of bed. But go online and watch some amateur porn, and you'll see that fat men can do it any which way. Missionary tends to be the position people choose for their first time together. Of course, you don't want to flop on top of her with all your weight. One low-impact variation has you squat low on your knees, spread her legs, and scooch together so that your bits meet comfortably. That way, you don't have to hold yourself up.

Remember, if she's as sexually savvy as you think she is, you probably won't be the first big boy she's taken to bed. Just follow her lead.

The Pet doctor: Penetration is not rocket science. You will quickly get the hang of it with a sexually experienced woman. Your biggest problem your first time is that you might come too soon, so masturbate before your date so you aren't too anxious. When you get down to clinch time, play with her clitoris until she starts getting wet, go down on her, then slide your fingers lower, open her vaginal lips, and feel the moist opening. When she is really wet and you are nice and hard, roll on your back and guide her to the woman-on-top position. Because she is a sexually experienced and aggressive woman, she should enjoy being in charge. You can also turn her around on your cock and let her ride you in the reverse-cowgirl position.

Another position that should work well for you is doggie-style or rear-entry. Get her to kneel on the couch or lie on the bed, with a pillow propped under her pelvis. Don't worry about getting inside her. Where there's a will, there's a way, and your hottie seems to be plenty willing and wanting.

Submit your questions about sex, relationships, and women to Martin and/or Victoria at sexed@ffn.com.

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DOUBLE PLAY

PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON
INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL
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MAC WAS BEST MAN WHEN JOE AND I GOT MARRIED, AND THE THREE OF US ARE VERY CLOSE—SO CLOSE THAT WHEN MAC GOT DUMPED BY HIS LATEST GIRLFRIEND—WE GAVE HIM A SPECIAL TREAT FOR HIS BIRTHDAY. WHAT ARE FRIENDS FOR?

JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO GIVE MAC THE BLOWJOB OF HIS LIFE, WE PULLED UP TO THE MOTEL.
MAC HAD TO HOLD ON TO HIS PANTS AS WE RAN INSIDE.
WE TORE OFF OUR CLOTHES, THEN THE GUYS WERE ALL OVER ME.
I WAS FULL TO BURSTING AND STILL WANTED MORE. JOE CAME FIRST WHILE WATCHING MAC FUCK ME. THEN I CAME UNDER THE STEADY PACE OF MAC'S THRUSTING, BRINGING HIM WITH ME AS HE FLOODED MY PUSSY.

WE ALL JUST LAY THERE FOR A FEW MINUTES, CATCHING OUR BREATH ...
... UNTIL I TOOK A COCK IN EACH HAND AND STROKED THEM HARD AGAIN.
I HAD TO DECIDE WHOSE COCK I WANTED WHERE. I STRADDLED MAC BECAUSE I WASN'T TOO SURE ABOUT TAKING HIS BIG COCK UP MY ASS, BUT JOE LUBED ME UP WITH HIS FINGERS. I WAS READY TO TAKE ON MAC.
AFTER DONNING A CONDOM, MAC REAMED MY ASS WHILE JOE DRILLED MY PUSSY.
WE USED UP A LOT OF CONDOMS AS THE GUYS TRADED PLACES. I LOVED EVERY MINUTE OF OUR WILD RIDE.

OUR BODIES SLAPPED AGAINST ONE ANOTHER UNTIL ANOTHER ORGASM HIT ME. MY ASS AND CUNT CLUTCHED THE TWO COCKS AND BOTH MEN CLIMAXED, FILLING MORE CONDOMS WITH HOT, STICKY COME. IT WAS INCREDIBLE!
I HOPE I DON'T HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL MAC GETS DUMPED BY ANOTHER WOMAN TO DO IT AGAIN.
THE END

power play

Why would a young woman give up an Ivy League education for a career in the fetish scene? We'll let this sensual fetishist with the analytical mind answer that.

By Barbara Pizio
Photographs by Ellen Stagg from Stagg Street

If you find yourself wanting to drop to your knees and worship Jade Vixen, you're not alone. She's well known in international fetish circles for her exotic beauty and extensive wardrobe, and she's also worked as a professional dominatrix, advertising such specialties as boot worship, psychological domination, tickle torture, and corporal punishment. It was this connection to the fetish underground that led to her photographs being splashed across the front pages of New York City tabloids in December 2008, after the murderous rampage of one of her supposed clients, David Krieg, a burly bodybuilder who reportedly had a penchant for being dominated by women. After confronting Jade and her boyfriend, Anthony Ottaviano, as they returned to her home in Philadelphia after a dinner date, Krieg fatally shot Ottaviano in front of the beauty. Krieg abducted Jade and held her for four hours before releasing her, then had a nine-hour standoff with police before shooting himself in the head, reportedly with the same gun he used to kill Ottaviano. The harrowing tale, along with photos of Jade posing with Anthony at various fetish events, proved irresistible to the press. But there's much, much more to Jade Vixen than sensational snapshots of a latex-clad dominatrix.

Jade's foray into the fetish world was an offshoot of her interest in New York City nightlife. She began going to raves and clubs in high school, eventually finding her way to the infamous Click + Drag fetish party at the nightclub Mother, located in the then-gritty Meatpacking District. "I walked in and saw all this shiny black clothing, and I was so attracted to the scene," Jade says. "I'd gone out to other events, but that was mostly about dancing and music. [Click + Drag] made such a visual impact."

"I had to do something proactive. I thought I'd take a couple of years off, and enjoy exploring this side of my sexuality and sharing it with the world."

Jade was hooked: "I bought my first rubber skirt that year—and I still have it. I'm not saying how old it is, guys, so don't even ask!

"I like latex a lot," she continues. "There's always the classic black—nice and shiny, the smell and the feel of it. There's nothing like a good-fitting rubber catsuit. You're completely encased; it's like a second skin. You just pet yourself. The feel of the latex ... feeling yourself through it. From a sensation point of view, it's great."

These days Jade has managed to combine her interests in music, modeling, and fetish wear. As she spoke to *Penthouse,* she was about to head off for a whirlwind weekend in Toronto, where she was scheduled to deejay at a fetish event, stroll the catwalk in a latex fashion show, and model for a photography workshop. "I started deejaying about ten years ago," she tells us. "It's more of a hobby right now. I like to collect records. I love electronic dance music."

Jade also never misses the opportunity to add to her wardrobe. "One of the other reasons I'm going up to Toronto is that my corset maker is there. Lovesick Corrective Apparel makes my impressive tight-lacing corsets, which got my waist down to the size it is, 16 inches [corseted]."

Tight-lacing, also referred to as waist training, is a lesser-known type of body modification than the now-ubiquitous tattoos and body piercings. It's the practice of wearing a tightly laced corset to modify the figure and alter posture, and Jade readily admits she has a fondness for it. "I've done waist training. It helps that my corsets are custom-made, and they fit very well. It makes getting down to a thin, almost cartoon-like waist measurement easy," she explains. "I wore corsets for four to eight hours a day for about three years. I started out at 18 [inches], but 18 is already quite small. Going down from there took a lot of work."

Jade collects vintage lingerie as well, as she loves the sexy silhouettes such garments provide and the bondage-like aspect of their constrictive nature. "I collect vintage girdles and corsets —traditional women's undergarments from the 1940s and fifties. I love the restrictive feeling of wearing those. I also have reproductions based on corsets from the Victorian and Edwardian eras. I love how corsets make women have these idealized figures."

Jade's quest for an ultrafeminine physique doesn't end with lingerie. "I also love high heels," she confesses. "Like a five- or six-inch classic pump with a pointed toe and a spiked heel. Anything

HAIR AND MAKEUP BY KATIE WEDLUND; BED DESIGNED AND BUILT BY SULLIVAN WALSH; ASSISTANT: TRISTAN MOSSER

"I would type up papers while dressed in a corset, high heels, and vintage nylons. Other times, I'd be in a complete rubber catsuit while I was typing."

that forces the foot into a very extreme position. You have to stand up straight, so your breasts are out, your stomach's flat, your butt's sticking out, and you take little steps—showing off your leg line. I love what high heels do to a woman's leg line!"

When she was younger, Jade was drawn to the biological sciences and earned an undergraduate degree in chemistry, while keeping one foot firmly planted in the fetish lifestyle. When she was 18, she was approached on New York City's Lower East Side by a manager from a professional house of domination. "I didn't know people could work as dominatrices. I thought it was kind of weird," Jade says. Despite her initial reservations, she began training as a domme shortly thereafter.

Jade dabbled in the pro-domme world for a number of years, during which she enrolled in the University of Pennsylvania to pursue a Ph.D. in engineering. But her educational pursuits ultimately couldn't hold her interest. There was another life calling her. "When I was in school, all I wanted to do was study and do research," she explains. "I'd go to school full-time, then go home, get dressed up, and continue to study. I would type up papers while dressed in a corset, high heels, and vintage nylons. Other times, I'd be in a complete rubber catsuit while I was typing. That's how the majority of the time of my waist training was logged, in front of my computer screen."

After years of being a devoted academic, why did she decide to leave behind an Ivy League education? "I jokingly call it my quarter-life crisis," she says. "I was getting fed up with my life. I felt like I was on track to becoming the most boring person on earth—and I felt like I was repressing what I loved. I love to dress up, and I was thinking, *No, I need to be more normal. I need to focus on school and be an academic.* But it wasn't making me happy. I wasn't being true to myself. I'd spent a decade collecting this exquisite wardrobe, and I wasn't even going out anymore. I was sitting in my house wearing it and typing papers. That's pretty sad and pathetic, considering I'm an exhibitionist."

Unfortunately, Jade didn't find her work as a pro domme satisfying either: "It fills a need for some people, and it can be a lot of fun, but I'm not that into anyone else's interests." In true dominant fashion, Jade recalls, "When I realized how self-centered [the clients] were, in that it was all about their fetishes and their proclivities and getting off, I was not interested. I'm

more into dressing for myself. There's a pretty big disconnect. It was like: I exist for me, not to please you. And if you don't think that being in my presence is enough for you, then go away."

"I had to do something proactive," she says of her quarter-life crisis. "I started going to events again, and I met photographers and started modeling. I thought that this was the last chance I was going to have to do something like this, and I thought I'd take advantage of it, take a couple of years off, and enjoy exploring this side of my sexuality and sharing it with the world."

As her modeling career blossomed, however, trouble was lurking. Krieg was apparently acting in a jealous rage when he fatally shot Ottaviano and kidnapped Jade. Jade is unable to comment on the matter, due to pending litigation, but she notes that she has retired from the world of professional domination: "Working as a dominatrix impacts your personal relationships, and I don't think it's worth it. I felt that way for quite some time. Every time I got involved [in professional domination], it would either impact a relationship or I would grow uncomfortable with the idea of someone else directing what I'm doing. I really don't like that."

Despite her personal tragedy, Jade steadfastly defends the fetish community. When asked to name some of the common misconceptions about people in the scene, she says, "That we're freaks, we're perverts, we're child molesters. Name anything that would have a negative connotation and throw it in there. Some of the best friends I've ever had in my life come from the fetish community. There has never been a less judgmental, more welcoming group of people. I found that to be true years ago when I first got into the scene, and it's still true now. It's not like everyone in the fetish scene is a model, a photographer, or a domme. The vast majority are normal people who like to dress up or have other interests that fall outside the range of what's considered 'normal' sexuality."

Jade says that her years in the scene have enabled her to grow as a person. "It's helped me develop and see what I'm into and not into," she tells us, "rather than reading about it online and in books—which is great, because you don't know until you actually experience it. I realized early on that I was purely a fetishist. I love to dress myself. I love the transformation aspect."

Jade likes that modeling gives her that opportunity to transform. As she puts it, being Jade Vixen allows her to present to the

"The vast majority in the fetish community are normal people who like to dress up or have other interests that fall outside the range of 'normal' sexuality."

world a hypersexualized version of herself. "When I'm dressed up in public or in front of the camera," she says, "it's like all my fetishes and all my proclivities are distilled into this one core. It channels that sexual energy and expression. I've spent a long time styling myself and transforming myself into what I consider to be a feminine ideal: the slim waist, the curving hips, a nice leg line that ends in a high heel, having a very hourglass figure. I'm making myself look sexy by my own standards, then showing off."

Last fall, Jade was able to indulge her exhibitionistic side further when she appeared on Howard TV in the World's Strongest Naked Woman contest. While there was nary a piece of latex in sight, she was able to showcase her sparkling personality as well as her beautiful body—which is, of course, the reason to watch. All it took for Jade to beat her competition—*Penthouse* model Anju McIntyre and Anju's roommate on the dating reality show *My Antonio,* Sarah Haeussler—was ten push-ups and two pull-ups.

Lucky for us, Jade's love of showing off has also brought her to the pages of *Penthouse*. Leaving her fetish wear behind and posing for the magazine was a new experience for her. "Ellen [Stagg] was so much fun to work with," Jade says enthusiastically. "When I found her blog a year ago, I thought, *This girl is awesome. She's hot* and *takes really good photos.* They don't look artificial, like some glamour photos where the poses are very contrived. Her photos didn't have any of those clichés—what a breath of fresh air! She shot me in this great loft in Brooklyn that overlooks the Williamsburg Bridge and the Manhattan skyline. It was beautiful and filled with sunlight. I am so happy about this shoot."

When asked if she'll return to the academic world after her modeling career has run its course, Jade answers, "I probably will. I still read about sexual and social behaviors and how they relate to evolutionary biology. I like reading about what defines female beauty and how we are trained by evolution to recognize it. I also read [*Freakonomics* author] Steven Levitt. He takes what most people find dreadful and boring—economics and statistics—and shows how it applies to modern living. I find it fascinating."

In the meantime, Jade is content to focus on her career: "I'm just a girl living out a dream—and loving it."

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DAYDREAM BELIEVER

When I get horny at work, I email my wife my favorite fantasies, hoping to turn her on for a hot night of passion when I finally get home. You'd better believe she was more than ready for me after reading this one.

Imagine the two of us arriving on a beautiful, secluded tropical island in my helicopter, landing softly on the white sand beach, fenced with swaying coconut palm trees. We walk, admiring the tropical scenery, until we notice a waterfall and decide to check it out. We wade through the shallow pool and stand under the falls, the cool, clear water massaging our heads and shoulders.

While enjoying the invigorating water, we hug, our tongues wrestling and our hands caressing each other. My hands slide to the back of your neck and untie your bikini top, exposing your large, succulent breasts, which are tanned to perfection and capped with already-hard nipples. I turn you around so your back is to me, then reach around and massage your breasts while you reach up to run your hands through my hair.

You tell me how good it feels and direct me to pay particular attention to your sensitive nipples, so I turn you around again and kiss first one, then the other. I take one in my mouth and knead it gently between my teeth while I tweak the other with my free hand. You give a little moan, telling me I'm doing it just right.

After a few minutes, you start working on the button of my swim trunks. You reach in to extract my hard cock, then stroke it up and down with one hand as you finish removing my trunks with the other. You sink to your knees and lick up and down the shaft playfully while massaging my balls. You look up at me and, with a sexy smile, impale your mouth on my cock, deep-throating me and moaning.

I rub your head and play with your hair and tickle your ears until I'm nearly ready to explode in your wanting mouth. It feels too exquisite to stop, but I have other things in mind. I help you up and pull you close, your breasts pressed firmly to my chest. We can feel each other's racing heart as we passionately kiss.

My hands slowly make their way down your sides and find their way to your bikini bottom. I work it down to your ankles, caressing your legs as I go. Then I move my hands back up again. I kiss you firmly on the lips before moving back to your nipples.

I linger for a moment to kiss your cleavage, and your hands move from my head to press the warmth of your breasts against my cheeks and ears.

I continue down your belly until I'm on my knees, and there, before my eyes, is paradise. I place my hands on your firm ass as I zero in on my target. The first touch of my tongue to your clit elicits a shiver, telling me you're anxious to begin.

I use a teasing side-to-side motion until I hear your first moan. Then I stick my tongue into your cunt as far as it will go. Your taste is sweet, your warmth delightful, and your moans are music to my ears.

As I withdraw my tongue, I bring it up and over your clit and flick it up and down, increasing the pressure and speed as I go. I push you toward your climax until you grasp my head in your hands and squeeze me with your thighs. Your moaning gets louder as I continue eating your pussy, until you finally gasp, "I'm coming!" and explode in my mouth.

I continue down your belly until I'm on my knees, and there, before my eyes, is paradise.

We make our way back to the beach, where our towels are waiting on the white sugar sand under a cloudless blue sky. I lay you down on your back and lie beside you. We kiss and caress each other, and I tell you how lucky I am to be in such a place with a woman as incredible as you.

A moment later, I roll over and you guide my cock into your waiting cunt. I go slowly, working in and out, in and out, until I hit the back of your velvet pussy. I support my weight with my left arm and caress your breasts with my right as I start pumping you again, building you up to another climax.

You moan each time my cock rubs against your G spot, and you beg me to go faster and harder. I do as you say until we're both moaning, hearts pounding, gasping for air. I hear you cry, "I'm coming!" again, and this time I'm ready, too. We explode together, and I can feel the wetness of your juices dripping from my balls as my jism shoots deep into your pussy.

We collapse next to each other, exhausted, and kiss and cuddle before falling asleep naked on the beach as the sun goes down.—*T.W., Ohio*

THE WAITING GAME

I'm a bar waitress at a restaurant, and every now and then a guy comes in who is so attractive that I just have to go home with him and fuck him. That's exactly what happened last weekend.

It was almost closing time Saturday night, but we were still pretty busy. A woman walked in, a guy following right behind her. I thought they were together, but she walked to the bar while he looked around the restaurant. He was tall, about six feet, with brown hair and brown eyes. And he was fit—slim, but not overly muscular. Really, he was just my type, and I was already thinking about him grabbing me, kissing me, and shoving his hand down between my legs.

Then he walked into the bar area, took a seat in one of the open booths, and waited for me to finish with some other customers.

I didn't rush over like I wanted to. I didn't want to appear overly eager, but I couldn't ignore him either. Also, I wanted to give him a chance to check me out—opportunities like this are why I dress the way I do.

I have a nice body, and a lot of guys have told me I'm hot. I have big breasts, a shapely ass, and long, thick, curly black hair that I pull up in a ponytail when I'm working. I dress to show off my greatest assets, wearing the

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tightest jeans I can get away with at work and T-shirts that I stretch out and tuck into my jeans, so guys notice my tits first. Not only does it help me hook up with hot guys, but it gets me better tips, too. Everyone wins, really.

After a few minutes I walked over to the guy's booth and asked, "Are you all alone tonight?"

He said he was, and since I've found that being direct with a guy works best, I suggested I join him. Then I sat down beside him and used my hip to push him into the booth so I could get close to him while I took his order.

We talked for a few minutes, and he told me his name was Dan. After I got him his drink, I sat down again. I slipped my hand down his leg and then slid it up his thigh to his crotch. I was planning on getting him so excited that he just had to take me home and fuck me. To my surprise, he was already hard.

His cock was as stiff as if I'd been rubbing my hand back and forth on it for a few minutes, so I did just that, wanting to excite him even more. As I rubbed his hard-on, I felt myself getting just as excited as he was. My pussy got hot and wet, and I felt that special twinge between my legs. I really wanted his dick inside me, and I knew I had to do whatever it took to hook up with this guy. It didn't take much. He asked me back to his place right after I told him that I was getting off work soon. I immediately said yes, then finished up my shift before meeting him outside at his car.

While he drove, I leaned over and kissed his neck and rubbed his cock even more. I wanted to keep him as excited as I possibly could, and keep myself excited as well. I loved feeling his stiffness in my hand and thinking about how I would soon get to suck on it and have it fill my pussy. I was even tempted to take it out right there in the car to suck on it, but I waited.

Once we were at his house, though, I let go. As soon as we were out of the car, in the garage, I began to kiss him and undress him. I lifted his shirt up and started to unbutton his pants. It would've been really hot if he'd bent me over the car and taken me right there. Instead, he teased me, pushing my hands away and leading me into the house and up to his bedroom.

I grabbed his jeans and unzipped them as quickly as I could and pulled them down. I wanted to see that cock, and to feel it in my mouth. I took it out and saw just how hard it was. That made me even hotter, and I got even wetter thinking about sucking on it and having him shoot a big load in my mouth, or in my pussy. I took him into my mouth and immediately deep-throated him. After I pulled back, I began sucking on him, hoping he'd come in my mouth.

He stopped me after only a few minutes. He took off his clothes, and I did the same. When we were both naked and had had a chance to look each other over, he took hold of me and pushed me onto the bed. Then I went wild. I couldn't wait any longer —I needed that cock of his inside me.

Again, Dan made me wait, this time by going down on me. He spread my legs, leaned in, took my clit in his mouth, and began sucking and licking. He put two fingers into my pussy and fingered me at the same time that he ate me, and when he hit my G spot, I went through the roof. "Fuck me! I want you to fuck me!" I begged.

He grabbed me by the hips and shoved his cock inside me. I was so wet by then that he slipped in with ease. Then he started ramming me hard. He kept playing with my clit as he drilled into me, and I couldn't hold back any longer. I felt the tingling in my pussy and yelled, "I'm coming!"

He kept playing with my clit as he drilled into me, and I couldn't hold back any longer.

Suddenly, that tingling spread all over my body. I spasmed and came, hard. Dan kept pumping until he shot his big white load. And just thinking about that come inside me, about it dripping out of me, made me want even more.

I didn't get it that night, unfortunately. After we finished, he lay beside me and kissed me for a moment, exhausted. Then we got dressed and Dan drove me back to my car. We kissed good-night and I gave him my number, telling him he could call any time, or just drop by the restaurant.

As I sat in my car, thinking about what had just happened, I got so excited that I had to unbutton my jeans and get myself off. And even though it's only been a week, I find myself hoping that Dan will drop by soon and want to get together again, because I still haven't had enough.—*Name and address withheld*

BATHROOM HOOKUP

As I slipped into my shorts and tube top, I began to fantasize about who I'd hook up with that night. Vince is a playboy known for his wild parties, so I had no doubt I'd meet at least a few hot guys looking to score.

When I got to the party, I grabbed a beer and headed out to the backyard, where Vince was manning the grill and a rousing beer pong game was going on. There were a few good-

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looking guys standing around, but they were former flings or friends' dates, so they were off-limits. None of the other guys really struck my fancy, and I felt deflated. Then I saw her.

The girl jumping up and down at the far side of the beer pong table was *hot*! She had on a tiny bikini top that allowed her boobs to bounce around freely, and minuscule cutoff shorts that showed so much skin she might as well have been wearing nothing at all. I wanted to rip her clothes off and eat her cunt right there in the middle of the party, and I had no idea where that thought had come from. I mean, I'd made out with girls before, but mostly to get some guy's attention in a nightclub or something. And while I'd always found other women attractive, I'd never thought of them in a sexual way—until now.

She must have caught me looking at her. A few minutes later, after losing her next round, she walked toward me. She said, "I'm going to get another drink. Want to come with me and get a refill?" Since my beer bottle was still full, I got the feeling drinks were the last thing on her mind.

I followed her inside and up the stairs to the second-floor bathroom. As soon as we were in there, she locked the door and pushed me against it, her lips crashing into mine. Her tongue was begging entrance to my mouth, and I granted it without a second thought. She was aggressive but somehow still gentle, and I loved the way the soft strokes of her tongue contrasted her hard, forceful kisses. I was getting extremely aroused, and my mouth opened wider, giving her even more access.

When she pulled down my tube top to suck on my nipples, I knew there was no turning back. I untied her bikini top and pushed her cutoffs down until they slid to the floor. Then, while she continued sucking my nipples—and she did it so well, too—I ran my fingers over her pussy.

More than anything, I wanted to taste her, and after a couple of minutes of teasing each other, I took control. I had no idea what I was doing, but all I cared about was getting her pussy in my mouth. I pulled her with me toward the tub and sat down on the edge, putting me level with her cute cunt. I stared at it for a moment, amazed both by how gorgeous she was and that I was about to eat pussy. Then I leaned in and got my first taste.

Her lips were slightly damp, and as I licked them, her sweet flavor filled my mouth and made me crave more and more of her. I began to eat her pussy in earnest, doing to her all the things guys did when they went down on me, and when she started to mewl with pleasure, I knew I was doing it right.

I wrapped my arms around her thighs and spread her legs wider, giving myself more room to work. Then I licked her pussy hungrily, thrusting my tongue between her lips and running it over her clit to further excite her. It aroused me, too, though, and I needed some action myself. Since I wasn't willing to give up the tasty cunt in front of me, I moved one hand to my pussy to finger myself.

I thrust my fingers in and out of my pussy as I continued eating the girl in front of me, then started fingering her cunt so I could train my mouth solely on her clit. The combination of sensations was getting to her, and she was bucking her hips against my face in excitement. She was nearing her climax, and so was I.

When she pulled down my tube top to suck on my nipples, I knew there was no turning back.

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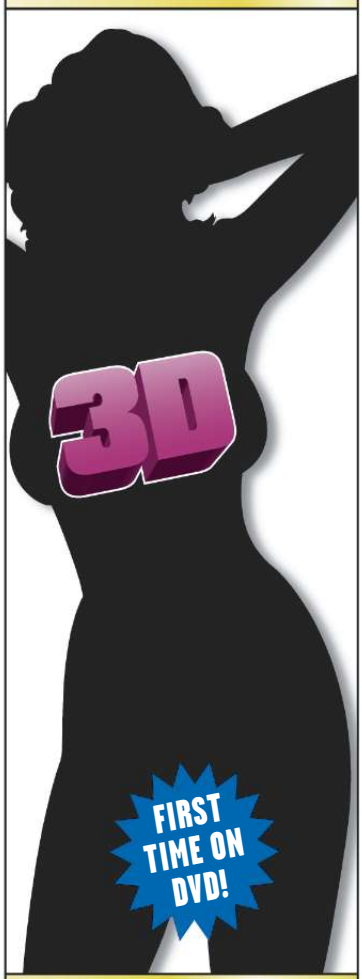

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My fingers moved faster and I began sucking the girl's clit vigorously. It took only a few minutes before we both came, my juices flowing over my fingers while hers flooded my mouth. Afterward, she ate my pussy to climax before we dressed and rejoined the party—never bothering to learn each other's name.—*Y.R., Florida*

WORTH THE WAIT

Maria and I had been married about seven hours. The reception was finally over and we'd said good-night to all the guests, who were on their way to either their own hotel rooms or homes. I was nervous and excited at the same time. I didn't really know what to expect on our wedding night.

On the horse-and-buggy ride around the block earlier, Maria had grabbed my cock and given it a squeeze as we kissed. My dick had instantly become rock-hard, and it stayed that way for a long time. I was sure the bulge in my pants was obvious to all the guests as we walked into the reception hall, and I was amazed that no one seemed to notice.

Maria looked absolutely stunning in her dress, and my cock sprang to life again when my chest brushed against her voluptuous breasts as we danced, everyone watching. We'd had a good time, but when the reception started to wind down, I knew it was almost time for me to taste my wife's sweet nectar for the first time.

In our hotel room, I knelt down in front of Maria and lifted the hem of her wedding dress. I had to fight through all the lace and ruffles until I found her smooth legs. I could smell her pussy as I started to unhook her stockings, and it was intoxicating. It made me remember how she used to give me her panties as souvenirs each time we fooled around. I would always take those panties home and jerk my hard cock with them until I exploded.

As I unclasped Maria's stockings, I heard her breathing become heavier, even through the layers of tulle. Once her stockings were off, I ran my fingers lightly up her legs, knowing how aroused she gets when I tickle her.

When I reached her pussy, I was not disappointed. She'd shaved herself smooth, and I was thrilled she'd done such an erotic thing just for me. Her pussy was as wet as the ocean, and I briefly imagined city streets flooded with her love juice. Then I moved in, placing my tongue on her sweet peach and getting my first real taste of her sex. She was sweet like honey,

and sticky juice quickly coated my chin, cheeks, and forehead.

I sucked, nibbled, and licked her clit like a man on death row eating his last meal. She was sweaty from dancing at the reception, and the taste of her sweat mixed with her pussy juice, creating the perfect blend of salty and sweet. I felt like Christopher Columbus discovering a brand-new world, and I was more than ready to explore.

Maria clenched her legs around my head and jammed my face into her pussy as she came. Her lips covered my nose and mouth, and I was surrounded by her scent and taste. She was noisy, and I was sure the entire hotel could hear her screams of passion. When she released my head a moment later, I felt like the breath of life had been granted to me by the queen. And if Maria was a queen, then my face was definitely her throne; she ruled the kingdom with her hot pussy.

A couple of minutes later, after finally unwrapping my bride from her layers of white and getting out of my tux, my hard cock entered Maria's pussy. I pumped her cunt enthusiastically until I exploded deep inside her. I was sure that would be the end of our wedding-night activities, since we'd been exhausted after the long day, but we stayed up most of the night making love. Maria sucked my cock and I came in her mouth and on her breasts. Then we fucked again, and she even let me fill her ass.

When I woke up in the morning, I could see the sun seeping through the blinds. I could also feel my sore cock; he'd definitely had a workout the night before. Maria was already up and running the water for a hot shower. I was about to join her when there was a knock at the door. It was my brother, stopping by to let us know that everyone was meeting for breakfast in ten minutes. I told him we'd join them when we were ready. Then I went into the bathroom, kissed my bride on the lips, and got into the steamy shower with her to make love again.—*T.K., Washington*

I moved in, placing my tongue on her sweet peach and getting my first real taste of her sex.

THE SEXIEST MISTAKE

I'm an 18-year-old woman with hazel eyes and a dimpled smile. I'm five foot two and weigh 105 pounds, with measurements of 34-20-32. Last weekend I was at my boyfriend's new house and I fell asleep on his couch. When I woke up, it was 2:15 A.M. I felt horny, so I thought I'd make a snack of Rob's thick, juicy, eight-inch cock. I practically sleepwalked up the stairs, determined to get some dick in me.

When I reached the second floor, I quietly opened Rob's door. I walked to the foot of the bed and crawled between his legs until I found what I was looking for. I gently licked his scrotum and took his thick cock in my hand as I nibbled, licked, and sucked on his big, delicious balls just the way he likes me to. His cock began to fill with blood as I swirled my tongue around each of his testicles. I then tongued my way up his yummy shaft.

I simply love sucking a big, fat, lengthy dick, so I was taking my time and enjoying every second of it. My pussy was aching to feel it inside me, stretching me to the limit and filling me completely, but when I'm in the mood I was in, I need to have a mouthful of tasty come first.

I licked and sucked on the crown, then slid my thick lips down the length of his cock until the tip tickled my tonsils. His legs began to shake, his hand gripped the back of my head, and a thin stream of pre-come leaked onto my taste buds, driving me crazy with lust. I fondled his big balls, and he groaned loudly as my

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mouth was suddenly filled with thick, ropelike strands of his delicious cream. I swallowed it as fast as it came, marveling at the amount of come I was receiving. It was twice as much as usual! But I love the flavor and texture of semen, so I wasn't complaining.

I completely milked him of every yummy drop, then twisted around and lowered my pussy to his face as I again took his semierect cock in my mouth. Rob fingered my tight opening as he nibbled on my clit. This was a new way of having my pussy eaten, and I absolutely loved it! I loved it so much, in fact, that I came hard as I ground my pussy in his face.

It was the first time anyone had ever gotten me off by eating my pussy, so I was happy to let him continue to suck on my clit. Then he slid a finger into my ass. He was rubbing his fingers together inside me through the thin membrane that separated my two holes as he continued to suck and lick my clit. I was hungrily sucking his dick, which was hard again, but as an amazingly powerful orgasm rippled through me, I lost my concentration and got caught up in the extreme pleasure I was feeling.

Before I finished coming, Rob flipped me around so my elbows were on the bed, my face was pressed against the mattress, and my ass was up in the air. He took hold of my hips and gave me a pounding so good that I thought I must be dreaming. When he came inside me, I came with him.

I was completely satisfied, and I turned around to tell Rob that he'd just given me the most memorable sexual experience I could hope for, but I was shocked when, instead of Rob, I found his roommate, Drew. I explained that I must've gotten the rooms mixed up, and apologized over and over.

Drew told me to stop apologizing. He said I was fresh and ripe and that he'd truly enjoyed making me come. Then he took me in his arms and kissed me. I didn't resist, and he had me on the bed and was going down on me again a second later. He licked my pussy until I was coming again, then mounted me and sucked and licked my tits as he brought me to yet another mind-numbing orgasm. Then he spurted inside me again.

When we were done, I gathered my clothes and went to take a quick shower. My legs were still trembling from the tremendous orgasms Drew had given me. I carefully opened the door to Rob's bedroom and crawled up on the bed, pulling back the sheets. There before me was his dick, already pulsating, already hard. I gave him a long, leisurely blowjob, getting him to the verge of a climax and stopping over and over until he was wide awake and begging me to let him come. I took him in deep and sucked hard until, a moment later, I was drinking down another thick, delicious helping of fresh, steamy semen. Although I was wet and hadn't come, I declined his offer to fuck me. My pussy was just too sore to take another pounding.

Since that night, I've been spending the days over at Rob's place while he's at work. Drew works from home, and while I won't let him fuck my pussy anymore—I'm keeping that just for my boyfriend—I love the way Drew eats me out. I let him do that whenever he wants, which is pretty much all the time. In return, I suck his big cock.

Rob just asked me to move in with him, and when he said that Drew was going to continue living in the house as well, I couldn't say no. I'll get all the fucking and sucking I want!—*J.K., South Carolina*

My pussy was aching, but when I'm in the mood I was in, I need a mouthful of tasty come first.

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Sixty-seven years ago, after a two-year delay owing to Production Code violations, Howard Hughes released *The Outlaw,* which blatantly showcased Jane Russell's physical attributes—and gave the world an iconic pinup image (left). Capturing the spirit here of Russell's roll in the hay is 24-year-old Gemma Massey, who was featured in our 40th Anniversary Issue in September 2009.

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